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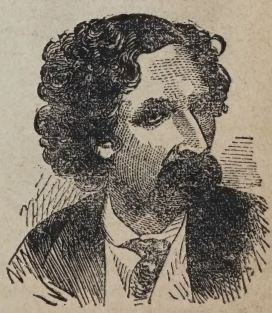

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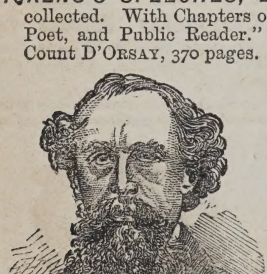

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

WHEN, some months ago, I undertook the task of compiling this volume from the Californian journals and periodicals with which its author had at various times been connected, I was very far from foreseeing the situation of peculiar delicacy in which I was to be placed by the sad and startling event which is still fresh in the public memory. Notwithstanding the success of a previous and somewhat similar book by Mr. Grile, I entertained serious misgivings as to the propriety, either in a moral or a commercial sense, of presenting his work to English readers without important alterations; but knowing the absolute indifference with which he regarded his writings, when he had no longer any property in them, I confidently relied upon obtaining his permission to somewhat moderate their tone. Unhappily the recent appalling calamity has prevented the obtaining of this consent, while it has rendered it all the more obligatory upon me not to proceed without it, and so do to the work of another that which he is for ever powerless to undo. I have, therefore, no choice, but to give to the world these remarkable "odds and ends of

cerebration" precisely as they were written by one who, it must be confessed, was open to the charge of writing as if he had, in all the world, no one but himself to please. Doubtless, a riper experience would have taught him to somewhat repress the tendency to sneer at what others are accustomed to regard with veneration, and to, at least, simulate respect for the gentle humanities.

I cannot conclude without recording my surprise that certain persons belonging to the class with which Mr. Grile waged a half-whimsical warfare should have lately done so much to justify his estimate of them by representing that as a judgment from heaven which, though sudden and shocking, was clearly no more supernatural than are a thousand other phenomena of equally fatal if less violent effect. While it is true that sudden death may come upon one man while penning an irreverent book, is it true that the man engaged in annotating the Scriptures is wholly exempt? Lightning falls alike upon the just and the unjust; and if we are to regard its fatal stroke as the special act of offended Deity, we shall have to confess that the Divine Indignation is bestowed with a broad and liberal impartiality which even the greediest recipient must feel constrained to secretly admire.

J. M. S.

CRAZY TALES.

A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM.

ONE pleasant day last summer I strolled into the cemetery at Lone Mountain, San Francisco, and finding a shady nook in respectable proximity to a costly family vault, sat down and began to ponder upon the probable hereafter of those slumbering about me. From this my thoughts strayed to the Day of Resurrection, and the lively time which might be expected in that vicinity when Gabriel should give the signal for a general getting up to breakfast. The subject was somewhat too much for me, so I betook myself to an opiate I had in the tail-pocket of my coat, and soon went to sleep. I know not how long I lay thus, but I was suddenly conscious of some one kicking me, and, strangling a magnificent snore, I sat up. Gabriel stood at my side, and was just lifting his boot for another admonition, but at my appealing look he relented, and hitting me with his bugle, told me to "get out of that." I got up and strode contemptuously away, rubbing my eyes. I observed that the cemetery had increased somewhat in population since I had lain down, and now extended over the entire peninsula. A gang of

stout demons, apparently Chinese, were advancing in line among the graves, each armed with a corkscrew seven feet long. These they wormed into each grave, and drawing forth the occupant, stood him on his feet, extracted the screw by a dexterous turn of the wrist, and proceeded silently to the next. I observed that about one grave in ten thousand was already vacant before they came to it, and while seeking for an explanation, there suddenly popped into my head the words, "and the dead in Christ shall rise first." I afterwards learned that this admirable arrangement was adopted to prevent fighting.

I seated myself comfortably upon an old rusty metallic coffin, and took observations. It was really delicious to see those fellows snaked out, and I was surprised to see that whenever a parson was drawn forth, the screw had entered his body to a totally unnecessary depth, and the final twitch of extracting the steel was unjustifiably staggering. At such times the solemn countenances of the resurrectors relaxed an instant into something like a smile. There were some half-dozen who, as soon as they were drawn out, writhed about, and digging their fingers into the soil, endeavoured to take the entire cemetery along with them. They brought away whole handfuls of earth and jammed it into their pockets. These, I afterwards learned, had been railway projectors, and their graves had been placed in a circle, or "ring."

While I was wondering at these things, my

attention was attracted to a particularly active old fellow, with nothing remarkable in his appearance, who was going about among the resurrected with a big book under his arm, and stopping before each one. He seemed to have come from a long distance, and his clothes were covered with dust, which emitted a strong smell, like that of your last match as it expires in gloom. He would first approach a rejuvenated corpse and ask him his age at death. Upon receiving a reply, he marked down a long number in a column of his book headed "years." I noticed the number was large in proportion to the age given. He would then inquire the date of arrival in California, and those who came early caught a sweet thing in figures. Some who came in '49 got so many numerals opposite their names that there was not room for them on the page. The next question was with regard to occupation, and the brokers and editors suffered most. Then various other questions were put with regard to politics, etc. The final question was this: "Did you ever, during life, belong to the Methodist Church?" If this was answered in the affirmative, the judge took a piece of charcoal and marked on the back of the unhappy wight, "Furnace No. 697,000—hot."

The dapper old gentleman soon came up to where I was sitting, and smiled. "What's your age, sir?" "Forty-seven." Down went 459,000,000 years; the old gentleman merely smiling and muttering, "New trial at the end of that time."

Then without looking up from his book: "How long in California?" "Six weeks." This staggered him, and he said, "My friend, you don't belong in this crowd, do you?" I nodded sorrowfully, and he added only 3,000,000 years. "What's your occupation?" "Bohemian." (593,872,951,347 and six months). "What did you die of?" "Starvation." He crossed out one month. "What paper did your talent adorn?" "*The News Letter!*" You ought to have seen that particularly active old gentleman take leave!

A MOURNFUL PROPERTY.

A FEW years since, there came to San Francisco a lady of mild and prepossessing appearance, who speedily won the love of all who knew her. She was accompanied by her daughter, a lovely girl, beautiful as the houris, and wise as Zobeide. This fair young girl loved—passionately loved—a prominent actor at one of our theatres. By his insidious wiles this villain, trained in the worst schools of his art—by whom the atrocities of "Aaron" or "Iago" were looked upon as bright examples—won her confidence, and she surrendered herself unreservedly into his power. One pleasant afternoon, while seated with her lover upon the extreme outward end of Meiggs' Wharf, listlessly watching the great ships come and go, she lost her balance, and, but for his timely assistance, would have fallen among the hungry sharks below. He

bore her, half fainting, to a place of safety, and then taking her hand in his, made the following extraordinary proposition :—

"Chloe," said he, in the softest accents, "since I have risked my life to save yours, what will you do in return? The favour I have to ask may shock you. I know the false notions of duty and morality I shall have to combat; but, think! it is I who ask, nay, demand, this sacrifice. You have a mother—a noble creature, I grant you—but she is not quite indispensable to your existence now, whatever she may have been twenty years ago. Will you renounce her for me?"

Chloe raised her eyes, tearful with gratitude, and murmured: "How can I hesitate? I will go with you to the end of the world, or even to Sacramento, if you insist."

"Blessed angel," said Henry, "I knew you would, but I don't want you to go to either of those places. I purpose staying here. My fortune is made if I can but obtain a SKULL!"

At these words the blood left the cheeks of the girl, and in a voice quivering with doubt and terror, she faltered:

"What! Oh, Henry, you cannot be in earnest! Is it not enough that I have given you the treasures of my heart, and am willing to give up the gay world and follow you to Sacramento, but you must now demand my mother's head? No, no, ask anything but that."

Henry, accomplished actor that he was, uttered

an exclamation of surprise, probably at the bare thought of her refusal. Then, relaxing his features into a diabolical grin, he strode rapidly away.

Three days afterwards, as the unscrupulous scoundrel sat in his lodgings, a boy entered silently and left a parcel. He very lazily opened it, and found a handsome, clean skull, still smelling faintly of flesh. Upon it was pencilled, in a broken hand, "*Reparation—Forgive.*"

The next night *Hamlet* was produced at one of our theatres with a full cast and a real skull.

Chloe, deserted by her now wealthy lover, still lives—lives to bewail her weakness and mourn her kind mother. I have suppressed real names, but heaven's bitterest curses will light upon the man who has dragged Chloe's sorrows and sin before the public. I allude to my publishe r.

THE DISGUSTED CONVERT.

A NICE, guileless youth—a trifle green, withal —passed in his name to the secretary of a Young Men's Christian Association, and was taken into the fold. Connected with this soul-saving concern was a department for mortifying the sinful flesh by such pious appliances as clubs, dumb-bells, horizontal bars and pendant rings,—a place called in secular speech a gymnasium. Into this hall of terrors strayed the converted youth, and seeing there some straight-haired saintlings tying themselves into eccentric shapes, all for the glory of

God, he prayerfully laid aside his outer raiment and inflicted upon himself a few mild bodily tortures by means (under Providence) of a spring-board and some friendly mattresses: and then with a meek "amen," he executed a final flip-flap and resumed his garb. Mechanically his fingers sought his vest-chain, and he pulled out his watch to note the time of day. Our tale is drawing to an end: there wasn't any watch there!

But out through the door of the tabernacle, down the crowded street, past the stately churches with their skyward spires—with a look of heaven in his eyes and a prayer at his heart—passed a muscular Christian with that time-piece nestling cozily in his pocket, alongside a young Bible and a volume of Watts' divinest melodies. Our sad-hearted friend returned sorrowfully to the paternal hearth, and seated himself thereon. For one hour he mutely meditated, with his arms folded in front of his aspiring knees, and his chin sunken upon his breast. Then he raised his head, and looking steadily into his father's dim old orbs, lifted up his voice, and what he said was this:

"Father, I am no more worthy to be called thy son. I've gone and let them Young Gospellers dispel my chronometer. Father, they have got in on me. I am a blockhead, and probably illegitimate. Reputed earthly parent, kick me out!"

It was done, righteously, and with exceeding great earnestness, the flexors and extensors of that old gentleman's dexter leg playing with the mar-

vellous rapidity and effect of a carpet-beating machine.

THE CLASSICAL CADET.

ONE fine summer's eve, I was ambling innocently along the sands of Oakland, noting curiously the habits of the lower animals—the lithe gopher, the cheerful chipmuck, the nimble squirrel, and the meditative Methodist—when my eye was arrested by a ponderous knapsack that attempted to pass between my feet. Atop of the moving knapsack was an enormous soldier cap, and, running up skyward, a ponderous musket-barrel tipped with a bayonet. Balked in the attempt to pass between me, the knapsack executed a rapid evolution to the left oblique, changed front, advanced in *echelon*, halted, wavered wearily, and finally toppled over on its back and lay like a turtle overthrown. Then, for the first time, I observed that it had legs, arms, a neck, and brass buttons like sauce plates all up and down its front. I moved cautiously away, and in half an hour returned with a friendly native.

"There," said I, pointing to the *lusus naturæ*, "what's *that?*"

"That?" replied the gentle savage, "why, that's a University Cadet, *æt.* vii., on his way to recitation. Poor boy, he's gin out!"—and he stood him up. "*Puer*," continued the barbarian, "canst thou constroo *Stultus?*"

"Yes," returned a thin voice from the depths of the soldier cap, "it's a University Regent."

"And what, my gentle warrior," proceeded the native, "means *Ignorare?*"

"That's to belong to the faculty," was the sepulchral but triumphant squeak.

"And what is *Miles?*"

"That's a soldier in the vocative, which is me," sadly returned the little man.

"You spoke of the faculty, mine own citizen soldiery, what's them?"

"Dam *scilicet!*" was the astounding reply.

"Do you know the Greek alphabet, son o' Mars?"

"If I had *alpha* chance I'd *beta* long roll on their heads," said the son o' Mars, his mind still running on the faculty.

So would I.

D. T.

I NEVER knew exactly how it occurred. It was a very singular affair altogether. I am quite certain I had not been drinking too much, for I make it a rule never to do so, though there is an irreconcilable difference between myself and my wife as to the exact amount which one may take without having too much. Upon the night in question I was returning home late; a thing which I admit does sometimes happen, especially after meeting Dan Budd at the tavern. Dan is a good fellow, but drinks.

Just as I got opposite That House, the old feeling come over me for the first time since I was a boy and used to run as I passed it in broad daylight. It seemed to look that night exactly as it did when *she* disappeared, and before her bones were found in the cellar. The old chimney, with its black mouth and ragged teeth, appeared to be writhing to escape from the building, and gaped horribly aslant, as if trying to cry out. The body of the house seemed bursting with some inward horror, and, in their struggles to be free, the boards had in many places torn themselves loose from the reluctant nails, showing the ribs of the inner skeleton like the bars of a prison. My heart beat thickly as I looked through them at the blackness within, and thought of the crime that had been committed there ever so many years ago, the bare recital of which had so often curdled my youthful blood.

I don't know how long I stood gazing at the old ruin before I saw what I am about to relate. At such times we have little idea of duration; our ideas come and go with the beating of our hearts, and the blank horror is unbroken by anything to mark the moments.

The moon was shining dimly, and just where its beams fell through the branches of an old elm, and struck broadly upon the side of That House, I saw a Human Eye. There was no face, no body—nothing but a glaring Human Eye. It did not move, nor wink, nor turn in its socket, but glared into my

face with a stony-green lustre, like the glint of an emerald. I was unable to move, from sheer horror, and stood staring until the moon had passed the opening in the old elm, and threw the edge of a shadow against this terrible Eye. Then I started from my spell and ran—ran until my strength failed me, and I sank senseless to the ground.

When I awoke, the moon had set and all was dark. Then light appeared, and I thought some one was searching for me with a bull's-eye lantern, but as its beams fell squarely into my face I saw it was the Eye. I shrieked and started to my feet. I went home without looking behind me. As I approached the door the Eye was sitting comfortably upon the door knob. Going hastily to the back of the house, I found an open door and entered. I seized a bottle of brandy and a tumbler, but as I was about to fill the glass I saw the Eye lying at the bottom, gazing up at me.

But why recount all these horrors? The Eye and I have become better acquainted since then; and although I occasionally find it on my dinner plate, or in my soup, it has not the least effect upon my appetite. When I go to bed, it perches itself familiarly upon the foot-board and winks me a jolly good morning as I wake. As I take up my boot to pull it on, I have frequently to wait till the Eye gets out. As soon as I look toward some other spot, it quietly leaves the boot and goes there. It is peculiar in this respect; it never stays an instant where I am not looking, but seems to like to

have me notice it. It is only when I have met Dan Budd at the tavern, that it troubles me much. Always, after I have met Dan, the Eye seems to get angry and green, and then it distresses me beyond measure.

I never told anyone before about the Eye, and should not do so now, but that I feel myself going, and think such a jolly experience ought not to be lost. It's all so very funny, you know, about the tavern, and Dan Budd, and the old haunted house, and the Eye.

A WORKING GIRL'S STORY.

I HAVE in my little room—it is not exactly mine ; I pay rent for it—two canaries, which I never mean to part with while I have a mouthful of bread for them. Sometimes I do not have a mouthful for myself. These canaries are quite human, and do their best to comfort me when I come home tired and hungry after looking all day in vain for work.

One such time—it was a cold winter night—I sat sadly before the grate, with my feet—I will confess it—on the fender ; I was alone, so it did not matter. I looked at my canaries and thought how cruel I was to keep them shut up all their lives on half rations. It always tires me to think, and so I closed my eyes and was just falling easily off a precipice into dream-land when I heard low voices in the room. The tones sounded strangely familiar,

so I was not at all frightened, and sat very still to listen.

"Poor thing," said one, "she can't sing a note, and is so helpless. I pity her and would like to let her out."

"No, no," said the other, "it would not do. She could not possibly procure food alone, and she has no feathers to protect her from the cold."

Not knowing what all this could mean I looked round. My little room was perfectly bare of furniture—there never was much in it anyhow—and seemed to have grown circular and high. The fire had burnt out, with the exception of a little flame in the back of the grate, and the shadows of the bars were somehow thrown all round the walls, converging in the centre of the ceiling. To dispel an unpleasant feeling of being shut up, I attempted to rock my chair, but it seemed only to undulate back and forth like a swing.

"You see," continued the voice which had last spoken, "it is necessary to keep her shut up a little longer and give her seed and water. None of them can get a living without us, and though they are not very pretty nor very good, we must pity the poor things and take care of them until He is ready to let them out. I don't think this one will need our services much longer. I looked in the register the last time I was up there at the office, and her term is nearly expired."

I was so happy to hear this that I turned quite round in my chair to thank some one, and saw

standing in my room two shining angels—so beautiful! just such as Gustave Doré draws in the Bible, and Milton, and "Pilgrim's Progress," and such books. One had a basket of canary-seed on his arm, and the other carried a mug of water and a piece of cuttle-fish bone.

When they saw me looking at them they smiled in a frightened sort of way, and, throwing down their burdens, clapped their wings and darted straight at the wall. The bird-cages, which by mistake I had left open, were in their way, and, dwindling down until they were not bigger than linnets—which made them seem to be a thousand miles away—they disappeared.

Something hurt my foot, and jumping from my chair I found my shoe all burnt to a crisp. My birds were singing as if nothing had occurred. Upon looking where the angels had stood, I found a basket full of nice clothes and provisions, a pitcher of nice milk and a pair of new shoes. I shed tears of gratitude, and, kneeling, proceeded to examine my treasures, when my door was pushed ajar, and a voice cried out of the passage:

"Hi, missy! you luff dem fings be, will yer: dey b'longs to number seben on de fust flo'!"

EX PARTE OMNE.

"I WANT a chee."

The speaker was a ladylike person, with a load of back hair, a smile, and eyes.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said the polite grocer's man.

"A chee—a nice one. You can let me see it, and if I like it you may send it up."

The little salesman looked unutterable perplexity, turned his eyes upon his goods, and appeared to be looking for something:

"I think, madam, they are all out. Perhaps you will call again?"

The lady was too clever. "Sir," she said, "I don't think you know your business very much, What I want is something three-cornered—to eat. A *chee*, you understand."

The little shopman felt hurt. "Madam," he replied, with slow sorrow, "I know the name of everything triangular, and everything that any Christian eats. But I *don't* know what a chee is, and I think you'd better go to the shop across the way. Pardon the liberty, but I believe you are insane."

The lady merely bowed, and went meekly to the door. Then she paused, laid a jewelled forefinger alongside her nose, suddenly brightened up, and turning round, said, hastily but hesitatingly: "Now, I'm sure I can make you understand. It's what the green moon is made of!"

A revelation fell upon that young man. It struck him upon the lower jaw, and that jaw dropped like a shot steer. Then he spake:

"Madam, *is* it cheese you mean?"

"Certainly," she replied, with ineffable serenity; "but I don't want but one."

"Good G—! but, madam, for the love of heaven a cheese is not three-cornered!"

A DELICATE HINT.

A MAN persuaded his wife to go to the market for a steak, and took a mean advantage of her absence by shooting the top of his head off. The incident was related in the newspapers, of course—as it never should have been. "Why?" I will show you why.

The next morning Mr. Spumm picked up his regular newspaper, and unsuspiciously read that item aloud, little thinking of the effect upon the mind of his wife, who seemed to have her whole soul absorbed in various nameless household cares. All that day she was thoughtful and reticent. The morning after, when Mr. Spumm arose, there was no breakfast prepared. There was a howling fire in the range, and the plates were laid, but there was nothing to eat. Just as he was about to remonstrate, the angel of the fireside appeared, hooded and shawled, with a market basket on her arm.

"Spummie, dear," said she, "there isn't a bit of cauliflower in the house. I'm going to market, and it is uncertain when I shall return. Good-bye, darling; you have been a good drinker, and may God reward you for it!" And with a meaning

look she laid a loaded pistol on the sideboard and went out.

Then, for the first time in twenty-four hours, Mr. Spumm thought of the poor fellow who had shot the top of his head off. It was intended that he should think of him.

MAKING A CLEAN BREAST OF IT.

IN the year 1850 two men were playing poker upon the exact spot where Dr. Stone's church now stands. They both held good hands, and had staked about ten pounds of clean dust each, when the winner showed his cards, and prepared to take the money. He reached out his right hand, and the loser pegged it to the table with a bowie-knife, and walked away with the stakes in a flour-sack. Being afterwards arrested, he remarked, while one of the boys was adjusting the rope to his neck :

"Tell Jim I haint no further use for 'is money, and it kind o' weighs on my conscience like. I couldn't die with any comfort without tellin' 'im. I wouldn't confess it to any one but a friend like him, but I *stole* that winnin' hand out o' the pack!"

PATERNAL RESPONSIBILITY.

"I'LL take what father takes," said a lad, who had accompanied his father to a public dinner, when the waiter asked him what he'd drink.

The answer reached the fond parent's ear, and in the twinkling of an eye the full responsibility of his position stood before him in awful colours. He had determined to have a good time, but now, as he gazed on those bloated forms and rubicund noses about the table, and cast a fond gaze on the clean-skinned, fair-haired child at his side, he trembled with emotion. Thoughts of the blighted lives, ruined hopes, and blasted careers of former boon companions flashed through the wool in his head, and he faintly gasped, "Waiter, I'll take water!" It was the first time. I need hardly say that, after a burst of boisterous laughter, the six-year-old was sent to bed, and his excellent father remained, to be carried home some hours later in a state of absolute worthlessness as regards powers of locomotion. From that day to this strong drink has been banished from that man's home.

It is perhaps needless to add that the father is never at home now, and that the child, now full grown, has water on the brain.

HANNER'S WIT.

A GENTLEMAN in Vallejo had a habit of walking in his sleep. One night his good wife resolved that she would compel him to discontinue the unpleasant custom, or kill him in the attempt. After he had lain down and gone deeply into dreams, she tied a cord to his ankle, and the other

end of the same she looped about a standing shot-gun heavily charged with leaden pellets, intended for the buoyant duck or the fleeting rabbit. Shortly he woke, stared blankly at his wife with the look of a gate-post very much in earnest, and said with deliberate precision :

"Hanner, I'm agoin' to git up!"

There was no reply.

"Hanner," he repeated, "I remarked that I'm agoin' to rise."

Hannah counterfeited a profound and tranquil slumber. The gentleman slid his feet sidewise out of the bed and stood erect ; the wife merely crawled stealthily under the mattress, and awaited the result. Muttering a half-articulate anathema against women "as wouldn't take no interest in anything a feller done," the head of the family strode forward upon his aimless mission. There were a ringing clatter as of something pitched prone upon the floor, a scuffling, dragging sound, as of the same thing jerked violently forward, and two deafening explosions blending into a sullen roar, which gradually died away with an accompaniment of jingling glass and rattling crockery. The woman came out of her concealment with the smile of an angel. There stood her lord and master in garb of standard brevity, with gun-hampered leg, livid with wrath, and sound awake. He parted his lips and spoke, slowly, earnestly, and in the words following :

"Now, Hanner, you'n me've lived together as

man an' wife agoin' on seventeen years. Doorin' that time I've been a faithful husban'. You never had a faithfuller, an' you know it. But darn yer jokes; I am tired on 'em! Ef yer sense o' yumor is never agoin' to get well, you'n me's gotter part. I haint fit fur to be husband to such a derned witty woman, and I think I'll jest quit tryin' to be. Hanner, yer free!"

Severing the conjugal tie at his ankle, the injured husband marched into another apartment, and went to bed with the domestic Chinaman.

SOMEBODY'S ARMS.

A SUFFERER by a railway accident had both arms taken off at the shoulders, and another pair—rights and lefts—being picked up a mile or two away, the physician attending him naturally supposed they belonged to his dismembered patient, and after paring off the rough edges fastened them on. The man was taken to the hospital. Soon afterward his wife, having nothing better to do, went to see him for the first time since his injury. Imagine her surprise when, as she bent over his couch to see how soon she was likely to get the money on that life-policy, she suddenly found herself tightly enfolded in the arms aforesaid—a thing that had not before occurred for ten years. But, stranger still, the patient was himself equally amazed at an action wholly beyond his control. In vain he set his teeth, and swore he

wouldn't; in vain she set hers, and swore he shouldn't—the affectionate members continued to embrace rapidly and recklessly for half an hour, when the attendant nurse came upon the scene and forcibly rescued the lady from her unwelcome position. As she was being borne away, her eye lit up with a sudden beam of tenderness. She had observed a diamond ring upon her husband's finger which she knew to have passed from his possession the very day he had bought it some months before. In fact she had herself given the ring to a gentleman friend, some small fragments of whom had been discovered near the scene of the same accident by which the husband had been maimed. Both parties were aghast at this touching disclosure.

So am I.

A DECEPTIVE HEADING.

THE following incident occurred in the editorial rooms of a Democratic newspaper—a newspaper that disliked the President of the United States, and was not afraid to say so :—

Quill—I say, Scissors, that is not a nice anecdote you cut out of some paper to-day for our "first form." What the mischief do you mean by making extracts laudatory of old Grant? It will lose us a hundred subscribers.

Scissors (uneasily)—What anecdote?

Quill—The one entitled "Grant's Beef-Head." If the "old man" sees it you will lose your situation.

Scissors—But, my dear fellow, I do not comprehend. Is it not the policy of this paper to ridicule the stupidity of the President by every device known to journalism?

Quill—Rather! But did you read that extract?

Scissors—Why should I? Is not the title a sufficient guarantee of its merit?

Quill—Hardly. It is really an anecdote in relation to Young Grant, ever so many years ago, trying to scale a high fence with the head of a slaughtered ox, and in praise of his indomitable will in persevering till he accomplished it. If the "form" has not already gone to press——

There were a sudden getting up—a sharp snapping of coat tails—the sound of a going out; and where Scissors had sat there wasn't anything but a warm three-legged stool!

THE SUICIDE.

ENTERED into the office of an hotel a gentleman. "Sir," said he, in languid accents, assuming an attitude of studied grace, and indolently eyeing the clerk, "can you give me a room?"

The clerk nodded, smiled, passed him a loaded pen, and spread open the register before him. The stranger ungloved his dainty hand and subscribed his name. The clerk touched a bell and said to the respondent *garcon*: "Show this gentleman to No. 39."

The guest meekly followed the boy toward the stairs. At the foot he paused, and turned his eyes upward with a dubious look; then, returning, he said:

"I beg your pardon, but you have no elevator, I perceive. Could you do me the favour to call another small boy or two to carry me up. I do not like to trouble you, but the truth is I have been a little despondent of late, and, just before coming in, I shot myself here in the breast, and really I have no confidence in the fidelity of my legs; they are a trifle weak and frail—like one whom it is needless to name, but who, as you will readily surmise, is connected with this unfortunate affair."

While the gentleman was speaking, a pool of blood was rising about his boots and threatening to whelm him. He essayed to reach the shore, but capsized, and foundered before assistance could reach him. The spot—a broad, irregular one—where this occurred, possesses a curious interest for the guests of that hotel.

MATERNAL PRECAUTION.

PROFESSOR FOWLER is a phrenologist. One day Professor Fowler received a call from a lady, who requested him to examine the head of her infant, and tell her for what pursuit in life he was best fitted. The professor carefully

felt the innocent's headpiece, and gave the opinion following :—

"Madame, I find the organ of benevolence enormously developed. It is as prominent as a pigeon's egg. Train up the child to give alms to the poor. He will some day be President of the Society for the Prevention of Indigence to the Starving. Madam, my fee is ten dollars."

The woman paid the fee, first learning the exact location of the organ of benevolence. Returning home, she took the head of the child between her hands, applied both thumbs to the conspicuous organ, and squeezed it in until the depression would have held a walnut.

UNCLAIMED LUGGAGE.

ON the morning after a ball at Sucker Flat, the level sunbeams stole warmly into the dressing-room, and gilded the nose of an unknown babe with a rich crimson glory. It was a wee thing, and, as it lay there, wrapped in the peaceful slumber of one who has not yet learned to cheat, one might have heard the soft stir of angels' wings about its couch, and smelled the odours of heaven on its light breath. Strange place for this gentle creature, so innocent, so sweet, so fresh from the hand of its Maker! How marvellous that the maddened surge and swirl of fashionable dissipation should have left so rare a deposit! Suddenly the great blue eyes opened, the red lips parted,

disclosing their wealth of pearls; a smile like silent music settled into the hearts of the hushed spectators as the blessed infant spake :—

"Where, in thunder's, my Maw ?"

I suspect this brat desired to stuff it.

THE PRIDIES.

MR. PRIDY and his female returned home, drawn by a pair of horses. (Mr. P. and his f. had been driving for their health.) Straightway appeared upon the scene ten white-headed Pridies, of assorted sizes, screaming like infuriated fiends, leaping like maniacs, and gesticulating like a tempest of windmills. A nice way to welcome these staid and respectable parties! The horses turned aside in disgust, sprang deliberately off a bank, sank breathless through the yielding air, stopped when they got to the bottom, and Madame Pridy was a melancholy remain.

MORAL: If people *will* have children—Bah! of course they will.

NOTES.

WRITTEN WITH INVISIBLE INK BY A PHANTOM AMERICAN.*

ST. PAUL'S.

EVERY American I meet over here asks me, directly he is introduced, "if I have been in St. Paul's." My constant and undeviating reply has always been, YES! The other day it occurred to me that all this lying was unnecessary; so I went to St. Paul's—and ever since, when the regular question has been put to me, I have answered No!

St. Paul's was built by Sir Christopher Wren. It took thirty-five years to build it, and it cost one million, and one and a-half million, and two millions of pounds, according to who happens to be your authority. It stands upon thirteen acres of ground, but doesn't cover it all. The top of the cross is ten thousand feet above the abdomen of Nelson, who lies directly under the centre of the dome, with Wellington at his heels, in a spacious and

* In making these extracts from the ghostly note-book of my insubstantial friend, I have studiously excluded a mass of matter in which the prevailing idiocy was debased by the chance introduction of common sense.—D. G.

comfortable hall of the crypt. (Sir Christopher himself, a much better man than either, is stuck into the wall at one side.) The bell of St. Paul's is ten feet, and twelve feet, and fifteen feet in diameter. It weighs four tons, and six tons, and eight tons. It rings all the hours, but is never tolled except upon the occasion of a death in the Royal Family. I would give anything to hear that bell tolled! The clock is eighteen feet across the face, and every American tourist who goes in is expected to wind it up a little; about one turn of the crank is permitted to each American. It commonly gets wound up so tight by about eleven in the morning that it stops. So it is not regarded as a trustworthy timepiece after that hour, except on Sundays, when Americans are excluded. My wife got hold of the crank of this clock and began to wind. I took the usher round to the other side of the machinery to have him show me the pendulum—which is twenty feet, and twenty-five feet, and thirty feet long, respectively. I kept him there until I had extorted from him a complete inventory of the Cathedral from top to bottom. Meantime my wife did not dare to stop winding the clock, for fear the crank would fly back and hit her. So she settled the business of that chronometer some three hours before the regular time; for we had gone early. It was painful to see the look of utter disappointment and distress upon the faces of the Americans as they came up in squads to wind the clock. I never felt so sorry for any-

body in my life. One of them said he would not serve his own mother such a trick. As soon as the stairs were clear, I gathered up my wife and sneaked away, quite ashamed of myself; but the look of peaceful triumph has never departed from that innocent's face to this day.

The first feeling upon approaching St. Paul's is one of disappointment, as in all similar cases. It is only when you get some miles away, and see the dome lifting itself heavenward in the haze from the mass of buildings which cluster about it like ant-hills, that you begin to realize its real magnitude. The farther away you get, the higher it seems to rear itself, and when the surrounding architecture is merely an indistinguishable mass of points and shadows, the great cupola stands against the blue, seemingly larger than ever; and you look for the clouds to float themselves against its misty sides. And so it seems to grow and grow, until it is out of sight—for get it below the horizon you cannot.

Upon entering St. Paul's you feel at first the same uncomfortable sense of disappointment; it is neither so wide nor so high as you had expected; and it is only after your eyes have somehow adjusted their lenses to the unaccustomed distances, or perhaps your judgment has been sharpened by practice upon what the eyes report, that you begin to have any adequate conception of the immensity of the place. Then the walls begin to widen away, the ceiling to recede upward, and soon you are oppressed with the vastness and loneliness of the interior; for

the presence of a few thousands, more or less, is of no import here. Their contiguity is not companionship ; the more there are of them the more alone each one seems. Their looks are unfamiliar ; their voices startle ; their footfalls wound. They speak below their breath, and seem to be talking to themselves. It is as if they were a part of the solitude; instead of dispelling they deepen it.

I entered the church in the midst of a cracking thunder-storm. The rain was plunging down in spouts, and the lightning cut the eyeballs like a knife. Some hundreds of clammy men and bedraggled women had already sought sanctuary in the church ; most of them being huddled together under the dome, like frightened sheep ; though a few kept up a show of indifference by the monstrous pretence of examining the execrable memorial statues of eminent nobodies which deface the niches and walls. It is impossible to convey a notion of the effect of the storm, in here under the great gloomy concave. The lightning looked in through the painted windows as if the whole exterior world were on fire, while the thunder crashed, and rang, and jarred, in continuous echoes for nearly an hour. The peals could not be distinguished the one from another ; it was one unceasing reverberation, mingled with the curious whisper of the rain outside. Down in the crypt, however, the storm was almost as inaudible to the living as to the dead.

The different tombs in this church are defaced by a good deal of literary stone-cutting, but there

is only one epitaph—the tolerably well-known one running thus :

> "Underneath this stone doth lie
> As much virtue as could die ;
> Which in its life did vigour give
> To as much beauty as could live."

I do not at this moment remember who was the author of these lines, nor who was the subject of them ; they are very creditable to both. The human intellect cannot get very far beyond the degree of cultivation at which it becomes possible to write a thing like this. I will willingly exchange my fame as an historian for the ability to write an epitaph half as good—provided I am given a corpse that is deserving.

SEEING A JOURNALIST.

I WENT the other day to call upon a journalist, who is nevertheless a very good fellow. Few have any idea how difficult it is in London to see an editor, and how easy it is to be presented to the Queen. I was confronted at the door by a single-headed Cerberus (his one head was white enough for three, however), whom I asked, with an air of lofty dignity, if Mr. Quill were good enough to be in. Mr. Quill *was* good enough, but Mr. Q. did not see anyone except by previous appointment. Would I leave my card? I wouldn't ; I would stay by it ; would Cerberus be good enough to take it up? Cerberus looked pained ; such a proposition was an innovation, and therefore a distress. He

growled out something about "the regular thing," and shoving towards me a euchre-pack of printed forms, sought to escape. I transfixed him with a frown, seized his hand, put my card in the palm of it, closed his dirty fingers upon it, and thundered "Be off!"

There was a weary half-hour of waiting; then Cerberus sneaked in and whined:

"You'll find these 'ere is best hadapted to callin' purposes. Ve keeps 'em for that."

I saw that the minion had not dared to deliver my card, and my contempt for him gave way to pity; I took up the printed forms. They were like this:

Name of Visitor . . . . . .
Address „ . . . . . .
Whom to See . . . . . .
Nature of Business . . . . . .
Signature . . . . . .

And *this* in a country where journalistic personalities are unknown, and people do not carry weapons! Cerberus must have observed that I was beginning to weaken, for he assumed by degrees a frosty demeanour, and looked as pitiless as Fate. This disconcerted me, and I threw overboard another part of my ballast of dignity, hoping to regain my lost ascendency by an appeal to his heart. I regret to say that as I waned Cerberus waxed—he towered as I cowered; and in three minutes I would have blacked his boots if he had graciously permitted me. Thrusting one of the

printed forms under my nose, he presented a loaded pen, saying, with the most disrespectful familiarity:

"'Ere, you! you hadn't orter call on the editor uv a public horgan 'ithout knowin' heverythink as is due to the hetiquette o' the perfession. But as you, may be, 'aint 'ad no hopportunity to learn 'ow we does in Hingland, I don't mind passin' it over. If you caänt write, I'll just fill hup the card, and perhaps we'll see you, if we're gone to press."

I declined the proffered aid, and meekly possessed myself of the card and pen. But no sooner did my fingers touch the familiar instrument than my courage, which had ebbed entirely, flowed back like a tidal wave. I glared at Cerberus, and then filled up the thing as follows:—

Name of Visitor . . . . . .Jonathan Grimes.
Address „ . . . . . .Settin' Sun.
Whom to See. . . . . .The lot of you.
Nature of Business . . .To curse your bloated monarchy, and hurl defiance at the British Lion! To trample upon the Crown! To exalt the Banner o' Freedom!
Signature. . . . . [Illegible.]

This missive the unsuspecting minion (who I now discovered could not read) conveyed to the editorial sanctum, and after the lapse of another half-hour piloted me into an ante-room, with the encouraging remark that "we wus just agoin' to press, and would soon be hin." In another hour there was a combined movement of the entire editorial force upon that room. What passed therein will never transpire.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THE first English soil that kisses the American foot is, almost from necessity, that of Liverpool—a mildly uninteresting commercial soil—a sordid earth, in which nothing but trade will flourish. Liverpool is the purgatory through which the departed Yankee must pass to reach the Paradise of London; from which, also, he must purchase the release for his own soul at a ruinous price—more, in fact, than the article is worth. In this purgatory, indeed, you are purged of nothing but your gold and your good patience. The tourist, if he be intelligent, will lose no time in exchanging the horrors of Liverpool for the delights of London—delights, however, from the full and satisfying enjoyment of which he is ever hindered by a haunting fever of impatience to go to Stratford-on-Avon. Until he shall have compassed the fulfilment of this wish, and attained to the true seventh heaven of his hope, the birth-and-burial-place of Shakspeare, the "educated American" is tormented with an inward flame, to which even the charms of the world's capital are but oil and resin.

There are few experiences more delightful than travelling on one of the main lines of railway leading out of London; provided, of course, you go first-class, and take along an easy conscience. The little cushioned compartment for six—it is ten to one you get it all to yourself and companion—is a wonder of cosy and comfortable privacy. And

then the speed! Away you go, taking cities twenty leagues asunder at a single stride—reaching across the loveliest of spaces, and flashing past scores of big towns with never a slackening of the gait—gliding over green-sided rivers so quickly that the hues of bank and water are blended to the sight—sweeping past parks, through which you can catch dim glimpses of a modern palace or an ancient ruin—ever and anon leaping over a smoking manufacturing town—actually plunging house-high through its forest of tall chimneys, and wondering how it happens that your engine does not tumble them about like ten-pins!

Should the engine-driver err, it will not be for lack of instruction. Planted alongside the metals, among the milestones, is all manner of information for his professional guidance—little boards inscribed with figures to indicate curves and their degree of curvature; other little boards to denote grades and their gradients; big boards telling him how fast to run and where to whistle. On long level reaches of air line, where there exists no necessity for these things, the monotony is pleasingly broken by other boards painted with the time of the day, quotations from the poets, and Scripture texts. In some places, where the country is *particularly* uninteresting, definitions from Johnson's Dictionary are posted up; but there is a good deal of complaint among passengers that the driver never conforms to them. All these devices, for supplying the place of the driver's mind, would be of great assistance were it

not that the train is driven so fast as to render them quite invisible.

After the thousand-and-one descriptions of Shakspeare's birth-place and tomb, I am not hot to describe them myself. In the first place, I do not care to provoke a comparison between myself and Washington Irving, who is dead and defenceless; secondly, I was not sufficiently observant of the old half-timbered house in Henley Street, and the rather uninteresting church on Avonside, to qualify myself for the work. I did not much mark these things; I did not much care for them. I had eyes for nothing in its outer aspect, and a heart for but one thought.

Never for one waking moment was that thought absent from my mind; and in my sleep it haunted me like a sad-eyed spectre. Whether gazing my shilling's worth at the Shakspeare relics in the Henley Street cottage—or standing where stood the Shakspeare mulberry tree (cut down by a vandal clergyman; may Heaven forgive his villain soul, as I do!)—or sauntering in the brown fields about Shottery—or tracking the late moon in the gleaming Avon—or bending with a full heart above the old tombstone with its terrible malediction—this saddest of reflections was ever to the fore, making an ass of itself:

"This Giant, from whose 'stupendous intellectual altitude' the difference between the highest and the lowest of *us* must have been imperceptible—who was higher above the highest than he above

the lowest—in a world of men this first and only man—even he did die and rot, and—there you are!"

I am not exceptionally sentimental, nor, I think, very impressible. I have seen hundreds die, and forgot to grieve for them. I have stood at the graves of some of the world's greatest and best, and it never occurred to me to be sorry they were dead. It has seemed to me that Death, like the King, could do no wrong. But standing in the little old church on Avonside, with the ashes of that mighty brain beneath the soles of my feet, I could have wept for the dead man of two hundred and fifty years ago as for the grief "of an hour's age."

I think this is not a general, but an individual experience. I have remarked the Poet's admirers, and even his lovers, furbishing up the dull platitude that he still lives in his works—lives for posterity and eternity. How pitiful was the failure of this bastard consolation when, in the presence of the dumb dust, I first realized its utter shallowness and mockery—the sounding brass of this tinkling sentiment! And how bitter seemed the unconscious satire of this expression in my little guide-book: "The tomb of the immortal Bard!" A *tomb* for an *immortal!* Heaven help us to better sense!

I hope to never again see Stratford; the two days of my visit were the saddest of my life. There was no spot to which I could escape—no

corner into which I could cower and shut out the dread sense of helplessness, inspired by the spot where pitiless Nature had reared her fairest son for the slaughter. In every street I heard, in fancy, his death-groan. In every field the wind whispered of his presence—and his absence. The very children playing by the wayside suggested unutterable things: thus had played their little ancestors when *he* had passed—and passed away. A bald and bent old man whom I met in the churchyard roused my resentment like an insult. He seemed thrust upon my notice on purpose to recall the age at which death murdered my idol; the riper years accorded to the grosser clay were a shocking example of Nature's wicked partiality. Still, I did not think it best to kill him, and I am almost glad now that I did not.

WARWICK CASTLE.

THIS fine structure, about which cluster the memories of so much that is vital to the history of England—where the King-maker kept his court, and whence Piers Gaveston was led to the headsman's block—about whose strong towers the grass has often greened itself anew with fertilizing blood—in whose sunless dungeons may still be traced the carven prayers and piteous pleasantries of men to whom daylight was a tradition, and the sounds of life were a vague half-memory—this stately pile, as which only the Tower of London

can boast so much of bloody fame, stands, as for centuries it has stood, repelling the silent sapping of Time as grandly as it has so often beaten back the noisy storming of the men-at-arms. Warwick Castle is not a ruin; it is good for another half-dozen centuries; barring the fires, of which it lately had a touch, and the "march of improvement," which has, so far, passed it by on the other side.

Mere words can give no idea of the curious and rather stiff magnificence with which this venerable building is furnished. The rooms to which the visitor is admitted are of great size and splendour, crowded, rather than adorned, with the rarest of paintings by Vandyck, Rubens, Holbein, Da Vinci, Paul Veronese, Guido, Teniers, Salvator Rosa, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and George Francis Train. I do not mean to say that Mr. Train actually painted any of these rare and valuable pictures; I scorn to tell a lie, even in jest; they are only copies. There are statues by Praxiteles, Canova, Thorwaldsen, Woolner, Powers, Michael Angelo, and Martin Farquhar Tupper. There are suits of armour by Poole—neat-fitting business suits, and evening suits with long tails. There are tables of bronze and lapis lazuli; vases of crystal; ornaments of ormolu; cabinets of buhl and marquetrie; things of pietra commessa; and other things of the other kind of pietra. There are more things in here than there are outside. There are a bed and a trunk which belonged to Queen Anne; and there is a

table, composed entirely of stones, which belonged, I think, to Marie Antoinette. This latter bit is a little out of place among the really valuable articles with which it is surrounded; but since the fire there has been a lack of room, and while the repairs are going on, the kitchen furniture must be put somewhere. The table in question is valued at only ten thousand pounds, and the servant who shows you about seems quite ashamed of it. The floors are inlaid in the most curious fashion with black and white marbles as hard as diamonds, and polished like mirrors. I believe there is not a carpet in the Castle, and I know there is not a stove. I think there is not a stove in England. It is to be wished there was not one in America, nor a carpet either. More people are killed by stoves, and by inhaling carpet-dust, than fall in battle. And they are better people, too.

The view from the windows of the main building is lovely beyond comparison. A hundred feet below, the smooth Avon washes the base of the south wall. Gigantic cedars of Lebanon spread out their flat palms below the spectator, as if inviting him to step out and take a walk upon them. The moss-veiled piers of the old bridge, destroyed by a flood in 1790 (in 1375 this bridge had become so old that tolls were levied to repair it), reach across to the other side like stepping-stones laid by some giant; while away to the south and the west are wildernesses interminable of parks and lawns, and still villages with their delicate church

spires shooting up sharply from beyond thick banks of foliage shutting in the green fields from which they seem to have been crowded by pressure.

The main towers are "Cæsar's" and Guy's. The former is a noble structure, rearing its mural crown one hundred and fifty feet above the river at its base. It is of massive and irregular design, and is extremely beautiful. Tradition, which has named it "Cæsar's," ascribes its erection to William the Conqueror. It was certainly erected in his time, and eight hundred years have been powerless upon it; the tireless ages have gone up unceasingly against it and have not prevailed. While in the town at its feet the degenerate architectural offspring of a later age are bowed and bent under their paltry decades, this gray veteran, declining even the gentle ministrations of the pitying ivy, bares his bald brow to the sun and the storm, shouldering his weight of centuries with never the failing of a joint.

Guy's tower was built by Thomas Lord Beauchamp, *temp.* Richard II. (about 1310). It is a duodecagon, thirty feet in diameter, one hundred and twenty-eight feet in height, and with walls ten feet in thickness. Its parapets are overhanging, open, and supported upon huge brackets. (This arrangement enabled the garrison to entertain the besiegers with molten lead, boiling pitch, and other delicate attentions,) A massive embattled wall with a noble gateway connects

the two towers and surrounds the castle proper on three sides, the other side being defended by a low-lying river and its own wall. In the gateway a strong wooden portcullis is still religiously let down at the approach of night, as if the dark were a marauding baron with a thousand horsemen at his heels.

If I have omitted to eulogise the objects of interest to be seen in this old stronghold, it is because there are too many of them, and not enough of this book. The Great Vase from the Emperor Hadrian's villa; Cromwell's helmet; the bloody doublet taken from the body of Lord Brooke when that gentleman handed in his cheques at Lichfield in 1643; the head of Mr. Whalley—all these are very much admired. In the porter's lodge the visitor is shown the relics of the famous Earl Guy; and as some people are base enough to assert that there never was any Earl Guy, I cannot do a more Christian thing than refute them by setting down a few of the articles shown: There is Guy's sword, weighing twenty pounds; his helmet seven pounds; his breast-plate, fifty-two pounds; his dinner-pot, eight hundred pounds; and his table-fork, sixty-nine pounds. Many persons have pretended that the weight of the pot and fork is out of all reasonable proportion to that of the arms and armour; but I'd have them to know that this giant's appetite was out of all reasonable proportion to his valour. Anyhow, the same objection cannot be urged against the tusk of a wild boar he killed, and the

rib of a cow he overthrew in single combat. These animals were evidently about the size of a rhinoceros and a whale respectively. Everything about this hero seems to be on a stupendous scale, except his horse—the armour of which could not possibly have been got on to an animal capable of carrying Mr. Guy. This can only be explained by supposing him to have carried the horse.

KENILWORTH.

IT was on a bright Sunday morning that I ran down from Coventry to visit this famous place. I very well knew that on that day it would be impossible to obtain admission to the interior of the Castle, but, in addition to being a little ill of interiors and the everlasting guides who infest them, I craved a day's exemption from that "howling bore," the professional tourist. I knew Sunday wasn't his day out.

A brisk walk of five minutes from the station takes you in sight of this Castle. The view is obtained from the summit of a hill three-quarters of a mile distant, and is extremely pleasing. The Ruin is a *ruin*—a very wreck. There is no swindling "habitableness" about it, as if it had gas clandestinely laid on, and Axminster carpets in the back kitchen, and cooking-ranges in the bed chambers, and inside blinds to pinch your fingers with, and shower-baths to take cold in, and places

to fall downstairs, and all the modern improvements. It is one of the purest and completest ruins in England; though I believe there is one part of it just comfortable enough for a keeper to live in and swindle tourists, Heaven bless him!

The remains occupy a space of probably five acres. There are three "towers," each a castle in itself; and besides these there are numberless broken arches, crumbled walls, detached doorways and gateways, and the skeletons of pointed windows; big mounds of nothing in particular, and miscellaneous rubbish generally. But above this chaos of architectual odds and ends rise great sides of strong wall, pierced with narrow, wicked-looking "loop-holes" for bowmen; clustering towers filled with masses of ivy; tall turrets; and ranks of battlements lifting their growth of green shrubbery to dizzy heights. About the desolate summits circle flights of tireless rooks, cawing, croaking, and clamouring, as if it were the business of their lives to do as much nothing as possible, and make more noise about it than the rooks of any other castle in England.

On one side of the Castle is a row of very old brick cottages, much out of joint, tenanted by farm laborers. On the other three sides extend low-lying meadows, once the bed of a lake, over which Queen Elizabeth passed on a bridge built specially for her, at the time of her celebrated visit to Leicester—when she considerately brought along

thirty-one barons, a small army of women, and four hundred servants, all very hungry; with nine hundred horses to be watered and curried.

The present structure was begun in the time of Henry I., though there was a fortress here in Saxon times. Of course it has a "Cæsar's Tower" —no castle is complete without one. Henry II. gave it to Simon de Montfort, who, as was to have been expected, immediately rebelled, and was killed in 1265. (The historian from whom I have this, explains that he afterwards escaped to France, but this must have been a fresh Simon.) In 1286 there was a grand "chivalric festival" held here, in which a great number of ladies participated. One hundred knights took a hand in it, and a contribution was afterward taken up for the widows and orphans. Edward II. was confined here before being butchered at Berkeley Castle. It came afterward into the hands of John of Gaunt, who erected the portion still known as the "Lancaster Buildings." In the war of the Roses the partisans of Lancaster and York had a fine time thrashing one another about its walls. First one party held it, and then another; and owing to a lack of information, or absence of mind, the place was frequently attacked by the side that held it, and its unhappy defenders put to the sword by their friends. Queen Elizabeth gave it to Bob Dudley, and then made a friendly call on him, as aforesaid, stayed seventeen days, and cost him ten thousand pounds a day. The place, after a century or so,

came into the possession of Charles I., from whom it and his head were taken by Cromwell. This is all: when anything came into Cromwell's possession its history terminated; there was nothing more to say, and nothing to say it about.

It was late in the afternoon when I slowly retraced my steps to the little cottage-crowned hill from which I had taken my first glance at noble old Kenilworth. My explorations had blessed me with a sharp appetite, and at a little inn I ordered the means wherewith to dull it. As I sat in my little ten-by-twelve parlour, looking upon the gigantic hot joint gracing my table, flanked with a jug of nut-brown ale, and then backward across the remnants of the old priory in the valley, to the solemn Ruin, the westering sun struggled from behind one of those mountains of tumbled cloud which I have never seen but in an English sky, and set the giant pile afire with a great glory. The light burned and flickered upon the angles like the flame of molten iron: broad banners of it seemed flung from every summit; it poured in jagged torrents through the rent sides, and shot in long straight beams through the narrow fissures, ribboning with gold the blue-black shadows darkening broadly about its base! Anon the glow crept athwart my own windows, streamed in, and gilded the brown joint upon the board with a radiance all its own.

To have seen Kenilworth Castle banked up against so glorious a sunset is to have added a

precious jewel to memory's treasure; and I shall never recall its gracious image, and the gleaming pomp of its aspect, without a tender regret that I did not take another cut from the divine roast of which it was the humble prototype.

COVENTRY.

TO go into Coventry is to step out of the nineteenth century into the fourteenth. Indeed, no small part of the architecture of the place bears a date no later, while several notable buildings can boast a much earlier one. Nothing can be stronger to one accustomed to the paint and varnish, and the somewhat tawdry gloss of new cities in the West, than this old country market-town in the heart of England. Its span-breadth streets, nearly or quite shut in by the black-and-white half-timbered houses, with their overhanging storeys supported by clumsily-carved wooden brackets, and all awry with age; the roadways of pebbles with mere mathematical lines of sidewalk, laid down for eternity, I should say, for none but the most reckless would venture to tread upon them; the curiously peaked gables; the red tile roofs, sunken, misshapen, and crowned with clusters of eccentric chimney-stacks, no two alike; the reddish-gray old churches with their grotesque sculpture, their gargoyles grinning hideously from the cornices, their broken buttresses and worn angles; the picturesque remnants of the ancient defensive wall; the "business"

signs in the erroneous orthography of Chaucer ; the thousand-and-one oddities and whimsies of this very Rip Van Winkle of towns give rise to a peculiar sense in the observer's mind of having died and resumed some former existence in the person of a remote ancestor.

The most interesting of Coventry's buildings is St. Mary's Hall, a fine specimen of the fifteenth century architecture. It contains many valuable paintings, among which I remember a full-length portrait of that good and great man whom Byron left in Heaven, "singing the one hundredth Psalm" —His Majesty George III., by Sir Joshua Reynolds. A singular piece of tapestry is preserved here, thirty feet by ten, and crowded with nearly a hundred very life-like, figures. This piece of needlework was executed in 1450—and the colors are in excellent keeping. But I can't tell you who made it ; and if I should you'd call it a puff. This singular city is as odd in its industry as in everything else. Its principal manufacture is book-marks—silken trifles to lay between the leaves of your Bible, to keep the place while you take a hand at whist. But it is mainly to the Lady Godiva that Coventry owes its fame. Presuming that everybody is thoroughly familiar with the story of this remarkable young woman, I will relate it.

THE STORY OF LADY GODIVA.

CHEOPS was King of Egypt; Leofric, who lived later, was "Earle" of Coventry. It is with the latter we have here to do. Leofric was a great tyrant; he had an extravagant wife, and to keep her in pin-money he taxed his people in every iniquitous manner he could devise. He laid upon them every grinding impost except the income-tax —Leofric, wicked as he was, couldn't quite bring himself to *that*. His wife, the fair Godiva (noted for her shapely figure, of which she was extremely vain), tried to stop him, but she couldn't; the more she implored him to chain up the assessor, the more he let him loose, and gave him a deputy. It did not occur to Godiva to stop asking him for French boots, book-marks, and woollen blankets to make summer jackets of; but it *did* occur to her to promise that if he would reduce the rate of taxation she would ride through the streets on horseback, naked. Leofric, who had a nimble intellect, saw in a moment that it was just the thing—it was perfectly obvious that it would replenish the exchequer. So he gave gracious consent in these memorable words:

"You may ride to the devil if you like!"

So Godiva issued a proclamation to the people, stating when she would set out, and specifying the streets she intended to pass through; concluding by warning all men that *if they did not wish to see a naked woman* they must keep away from the

windows. (The *italics* are hers.) At the appointed hour she clewed up her back hair, mounted her palfrey, spread her umbrella to prevent sunburn, and started nakedly out. It is stated that all her loyal subjects but one wrapped themselves in blankets and stowed their bodies away in dark cellars; and I believe it. It was bad for the one who didn't—a tailor named Tom. He ventured to go one eye upon her ladyship, and was stricken blind so quick it made his head spin. When the feat was accomplished, Leofric was so pleased with Godiva's heroism that, having just confiscated all the most valuable estates in the town, he remitted the taxes. Deeply touched by the gratitude of her subjects, Godiva afterward offered to repeat the performance in every town in the earldom, including the villages which were not taxed; but Leofric did not encourage her.

THE SIZE OF LONDON.

I NEVER had a correct notion of the immense size of London till last Saturday. I got into a railway carriage at Euston Station—not by any means in the middle of town—and away we sped toward the suburbs. In the compartment with me was a puffy old gentleman with mutton-chop whiskers, gold-bowed spectacles, and the longest feet! He had also a posy in his button-hole; no Englishman is quite at his ease unless he has a posy in his button-hole. I have seen men eight feet high

and broad all out of proportion, stalking down the Strand with the meanest of rosebuds and pinks crucified upon their lappels—fellows who ought to have been balancing anvils on their noses, and catching cannon-balls in the hollow of their backs. I don't think you could grow a flower so lean and crippled and mangy that an Englishman wouldn't wear it if he could get no better one without waiting a week.

This merry old gentleman was reading an article in the *Times*—an article I had written myself upon the Indirect Claims. When he had done he turned to me and said :

"You are an American, I presume ?"

"I have that misfortune," I replied, languidly.

"You may well call it a misfortune, sir," said he, "when the *Times* feels compelled to rebuke American presumption in such pointed language as this." And he read me the passage upon which I most plumed myself—into which I had thrown the entire weight of my intellect.

"You are quite right, sir," said I, seeing I was expected to say *something ;* "that is the tallest kind of talk ; and I am conscious that my nation has deserved it. I suppose the President, when he reads it, will appoint a day of humiliation and prayer—we never fast. It is, indeed, rough on us."

"Humph ! I rather think so, young man ; but as you seem to take rebuke in the proper spirit, and to feel, like a sensible man, your national disgrace, I don't mind telling you *I* wrote that article."

I began this narrative intending to illustrate the immense size of London. Starting from Euston Station, and travelling at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, I had time to converse with this interesting old gentleman *all I wanted to* before reaching the city limits!

THE MODEL PHILOSOPHER.

BY URSUS.

DESPITE his faults—which Heaven forbid I should excuse—the Grizzly Bear is as gentlemanly a brute as you shall find in a morning's ramble. He has that loose-jointed largeness of bulk, that shambling carelessness of stride, that comic honesty of expression, which are so intimately associated with our recollection of the late Mr. Lincoln, and to which that gentleman was probably as much indebted for his *sobriquet* of Honest Abe, as to his sterling moral qualities. To be seen at his best, the Grizzly must be seen at home—an instructive example, Sir, that may be advantageously studied by some other great brutes, and one, Madam, by which even a lady may profit. In his native wild, the Grizzly is much given to the arts of peace, and seldom takes the war-path against his fellow-man, unless rudely disturbed in some philosophical meditation; in which case, it must be confessed, he usually devours the intruder while getting his scattered faculties well in hand. But the major part of his time is passed in peaceful pursuits, among which the pursuit of the California Indian

holds an honorable place. To nose about for the edible nut and drag it from beneath the dead leaf, to spoil the acquisitive bee, to nip the nimble digger as he flies—these are the peaceful triumphs of his unambitious life.

UNSWADDLED of all sentiment, a baby is not eminently inspiring: it is the exact reverse—tame and unimpressive to the last degree. I do not mean this as a cowardly attack upon incipient man—for whose family I entertain a profound respect—but as the simple statement of a fact in natural history which has been skilfully concealed by previous investigators. Besides, a baby is not pretty—your pardon, but it certainly is not, as I shall put you in the way of proving. Magnify your naked innocent as many diameters as may be necessary to bring her up to the stature of a woman—whom, of course, we will suppose to be chiselled in marble—or, say, the Venus de Medici. Now look at them both together! By the aid of certain ingenious apparatus, I have made this, or at least a practically similar experiment, and nothing could induce me to repeat it. The effect is appalling! The babe appears a frightful monster: a great, lubberly, hideous deformity, with the look of an idiot! From this I judge that a baby is tolerable only by reason of its minuteness —like a spider; endurable only because there is not much of it—like atheism. But by virtue of

what quality it is accounted pleasing and desirable, I am wholly unable to determine. I know the reader will fling into my teeth the customary retort that I was once myself a baby; but I beg to remind you, Madam, that abuse is not refutation.

WE are tolerably familiar with the fact that a half-inch added to Cleopatra's nose would have had a tremendous effect upon the destinies of mankind. We are not so familiar with the truth that only by a subversion of the laws of Nature could a half-inch have been added to Cleopatra's nose. It is certainly amazing to think of the importance of that organ, and to see, in imagination, the stupendous influences radiating from it all over the world; but it is no less inspiring to note the silent, but mighty, forces of the universe converging upon it to produce them.

THERE is no kind of sense in flavouring a cream or a custard with vanilla, when pine-apple is so much the more palatable and wholesome. I have spent several years of a busy life combating this baleful heresy by the logic of that secular torture, public ridicule. If it were permitted to me to work my own sweet will upon the believers in the mischievous doctrine of vanilla, I should not hesitate a moment to burn them all at the stake, and fling their accursed cinders into the sea. As

it is not, I refrain ; but the only way by which I can secure a peaceful sleep is to attentively reflect upon the awful fate in store for them hereafter, when Divine vengeance shall no longer be compelled to seek expression through the inadequate medium of human justice. To the fanatical and intolerant mind, this may seem a brutal consolation ; but I assure you it is quite natural, and begets a peace which passeth understanding.

I KNOW not a more detestable bigotry than intolerance in trifles. To crush your neighbour's head because he prefers a snipe to a spring chicken, marks you as a person of disgracefully narrow and illiberal views ; for the snipe is really the better beast.

I HAVE seen ten thousand trained soldiers put to flight by an idea. This is called a panic. There are ideas that resemble bomb-shells : they slant shrieking into the field of thought, fizzing, sputtering, and tumbling crazily about, with a mighty menace, and everybody scampers away in terror. These aggressive missiles usually explode with a mild and courteous report, without hurting anyone, and, when examined, the fragments turn out, like those of certain meteors, to be a kind of luminous jelly, baneful only if eaten. There are other ideas, that go slinking in and out amongst

the forests of men's shins like frightened rabbits, attracting no sort of attention. The doctrine that it requires two eggs to construct a small salad is one of these.

THE circumstances of my meeting with the learned Magister Senex were somewhat singular, and have, I believe, never been related. I was one day strolling in the country, and had sat down upon a hillock, to free my boots of the blessed sand which had got in over the tops. While I was so employed a gouty toad dragged himself alongside of me, and sat there silently enjoying the companionship of the first living thing he had seen during his long and painful illness. Suddenly a skinny hand was laid upon my shoulder, and, turning about, I found myself face to face with the queerest being I had ever encountered. It was apparently some centuries old, and bent nearly double. Its apparel consisted of a rather antique frock overcoat caught together at the waist with a bit of wire; a pair of trousers which seemed to have been constructed from the bark of a mummy; a boot in process of dissolution, and a shoe to match. It wore neither hat nor hair, and as the sun fell upon the drawn skin of its head, that organ set up a very creditable rivalry. As to face, there was none to speak of. Into a sunken crevice below what had been a nose and was a beak, had wandered, through a stunted growth of bristles, a

thousand tributary wrinkles, which converged upon this depression as the rivers run into the sea. Beneath the ploughed and gouged forehead, two scarcely distinguishable slits acted, or rather were acted upon, as eyes. This interesting spectre carried under its arm a thick, black book, about a cloth-yard in length and half as wide. As I nodded, the apparition calmly seated itself beside me by merely tilting backward, leaving the relative position of all its parts unchanged. Its knees were now on a level with its head; and it took advantage of the situation by propping the opened volume against them, and began to turn over the leaves. I noted that the title-page, when it was found, read as follows: "*Magister Senex; Op. MDCIV: Carmina Improbata.*" The Magister soon found what he was looking for; and in a singularly dry and even tone he began to read, without a word of preface:

> "If I were an ocean I'd roll and roll,
> I'd swallow a body and spew a soul."

I pulled on one boot, and the toad began to blink uneasily.

> "The dying should stifle in me their moans,
> My chemical teeth should chop their bones."

The toad shifted about as if in great bodily distress, and I looked at my watch.

> "The sons of men are at war with the sea,
> The daughters of men are at war with me;
> The waves are salt with the widow's tears,
> My heart is heavy with bedded spears."

My patience began to settle away like a defective foundation, and the reptile, reddening in every wart, swelled visibly.

> "Spirit of Ocean, Spirit of Age—
> Victor and victim—roll, and rage!"

I drew on the other boot, and stood up. My dropsical fellow-sufferer sweated great beads of blood, and laboured in the sides like a lizard. The reader had ceased, and was calmly turning over leaf after leaf—all blank. At the last page he stopped, and read:

> "Man and his woman are militant still,
> Fighting their fates with a wonderful will;
> He assails Nature with courage sublime,
> She is red-handed with ichor of Time;
> Man by the forces of earth overcome—
> Woman triumphant! *Tacitus sum.*"

The old gentleman tilted himself forward and was upon his feet, toddling stiffly away over the hills. The toad had burst, and fallen into a peaceful slumber.

IF I could eat Mount Shasta, I would eat it; if I could not, I would not strew its sides with ratsbane, to afflict a successful rival, but would fall foul of some humbler eminence, and devour that. By this I should secure an applause commensurate with my merit; and could then, with a perfect tranquillity of temper, contemplate a competitor ingesting an entire sierra.

You topple a crag into the sea, and it will breed a mighty commotion; a brick pitched into a duck-pond will provoke its ripple. To a giant a mile high, the former would appear an insignificant disturbance; to a pigmy no longer than a match, the latter would seem a stupendous convulsion. A material achievement is great or paltry according to the length of the skeleton inside the meat of the spectator—a matter which the achiever can in no way control. Swift knew this better than anybody. A like rule holds good in the world of mind. To an intellectual Titan, the difference between Shakspeare and myself would not be discernible, and both would seem idiots. Who knows?

BEING only a philosopher, I am permitted to entertain absurd notions of life, death, and man's responsibilities, and to entertain wiser people by the telling them. Those opinions, which, in a thoughtful, earnest man, would be exceedingly reprehensible, and justly subject him to the rack, are, in a less serious person, not only innocent, but may be made even agreeable by a sufficiently illogical method of expression. Of course, the example of the Court-fool is accurately in point.

Let us suppose that I have a slave-child. I place him in a room (which may be a pleasant apartment, or a squalid cell, at my option), and saying neither "Stay thou here," nor "Go thou abroad," I depart, and leave the door open. We will now suppose, if

you please, that the child is grown to manhood, with a man's reason. He finds himself there, not against his will—for, knowing no other existence, he rather likes it—but certainly not from choice, for he has not been consulted. Simply, he is there. A cheerful fire is burning upon the hearth, but after a time it begins to die out, and a chill creeps into the room. This is unpleasant, but he endures it as best he may. Now the fire is entirely extinct, and there is no fuel. Really, this is growing quite intolerable. He goes to the open door and looks out into the night. What he sees, or believes he sees, is known to no one but himself. There may be a warm fire somewhere out there in the gloom; perchance there may be something too much of it; but, at least, this room is extremely uncomfortable. He walks out, and is lost in the black. Legal verdict; death, by his own hand, while laboring under a fit of temporary insanity. Social verdict: cut his throat in a spasm of moral cowardice. Verdict of Ursus, Philosopher: . . . . . !

IF GENIUS is to be encouraged in comporting himself like Mediocrity; if he is to be permitted to divest himself of his greatness, and hang it up on the hat-rack along with his overcoat, then there is an end of all good reading about his "inner life." His right to do so must be stubbornly contested, and the fact of his doing it bitterly denied. The public taste must be respected; and the public

taste requires that he should habitually execute mild hearth-stone heroisms, and expend an occasional outflash of his great soul upon a tough beefsteak. We must cut him a hole in his roof, that he may stand in the family circle with his head in the clouds. He must sneeze high philosophy by day, and snore in hexameters at night. Otherwise (for that the public will swallow no great man's "inner life," unless it be prepared after this method) the blessed biographer whom Providence has raised up to chronicle these peculiarities, may go get him a shovel and apply himself to the material development of the country. And it must be confessed that he might be made extremely useful in cutting a canal.

ABOUT the time of the vernal equinox, at a point in the Indian Ocean longitude 80° east from Greenwich, and 40° south latitude, the sea commences to rise and expand. A circular swell is thrown off, and radiates with astonishing rapidity, but with constantly decreasing volume, until it has traversed one-quarter of the earth's circumference in every direction. It then begins to close in upon the antipodes of the initial point, and gathering strength as it narrows (precisely as it had lost it in widening), it comes together with terrific force, piling itself into a vast mountain of water, and shooting an enormous column upward to the very clouds. Its subsiding is accompanied with frightful

aqueous, atmospheric, and probably electrical disturbances, the precise nature of which, for obvious reasons, has not been determined. It would be natural to suppose that the obstacles to this roller's advance—the continents, islands, and whales—would materially retard its progress in certain of its parts, destroying its symmetry, if not actually breaking it up; but this is not the case.

I have been unable to find anywhere a satisfactory explanation of this remarkable tide, and I shall be infinitely obliged if some one well versed in similar phenomena will make it clear to me. If I may not be enlightened upon this point, I would still wish to know what there is impossible about it. If all the world believed it, you would probably say it rested upon the most unimpeachable evidence. That all the world does not believe it, is purely accidental: owing entirely to the fact that we chance to have the means of disproving it—a fact in no way connected with the phenomenon in question, for that would or would not occur precisely the same if we were all in the moon.

I FANCY the praises of a life in the country have been sounded rather more loudly, and with a more evenly sustained power of execution, than the facts warrant. To thoroughly enjoy a country life one must be something of a savage, with a savage's simple wants, and something of a god, with a god's means of satisfying such as he

has. But we can none of us be savage in taste, and godlike in resource, at one and the same time: there are sure to creep in certain refined longings which it is beyond our power to gratify; and as, in the country, one must necessarily pass a merely subjective existence, he is certain to brood upon his privations until he hatches out a callow discontent, which will in time grow into a stalking hypochondria. It is, of course, very delightful to be alone with Nature; but it is, at best, but a selfish pleasure to sit upon a rock and smash the pinching ants, clammy worms, and stinging beetles that come to dispute your empire. Nor is it sweet to loll uneasily about, fitting your conscience with straitjackets of remorse from your city luggage. For my part, I confess I cannot honestly enjoy rural meditation, and the innocences of green things, because of divers goblins of unpleasant aspect, who begin to make eyes at my soul the moment I sniff clover. I presume this is not an individual experience, but a general one; and the remedy is obvious. "God made the country and man made the town." One likes to live in a habitation of one's own devising.

THROUGHOUT Germany, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the mountebank was held in cool contempt. If kicked or beaten, the only redress accorded him by law was permission to cuff his assailant's shadow projected on a

wall. I have this from Mr. Lea, and know nothing as to its truth; but when I see the Rev. Dr. Thwackbible stoutly assailing the shadow of some scientific truth that obscures his dogma, it is natural to think of the mountebank.

URSUS, Philosopher, to his Despised Brethren —Greeting: It is with unspeakable grief that I observe the neglect into which we are fallen among the sons of men. No more do they worship at the shrine of our wisdom; no longer prostrate their hearts before our altars, nor come thereto loaded with meat for offerings, burn our fires with never so lambent a flame. Our temples are become the habitations of bats and owls, and spiders weave and wander therein. The deserted corridors echo hollowly to the tread of the invading stranger, who is smitten with a nameless dread as his footfalls are repeated in the cloistered obscurity, as if by the tombless dead, walking away the weary cycles of eternity. The carven statue of our deity—the mystic Noumenon—is tumbled from its pedestal, unbuilded, battered, and broken of nose. Here hangs, dust-covered, above the altar, the painted semblance of Absolute Being; there lies the limp Phantasm which once floated so proudly in yon Void. There, all awry, decay the Forms of Consciousness; here wither the Permanent Possibilities of Sensation. Over all frowns the night of Neglect, and creeps the rank overgrowth of Unbelief. Oh,

Philosophy, Philosophy! daughter of Leisure, and mother of Strife! thy holy places all are desecrate; Ego and non-Ego are become but empty names; cold are thy fires, and thy priests are gone off after Woman Suffrage!

MR. LEWES speaks of Parmenides being led "from the dull monotony of noisy revelry to the endless variety and excitement of philosophic thought." Here is a nut, indeed, for the fast young man to crack. Fancy him reading Lewes, and fetching up against that sentence with a mental jolt that nearly shakes an idea out of, or rather into, his precious curly pate. Wouldn't he stare, and invoke the succour of his eyeglass? Wouldn't he fancy there was some singular transposition of terms here? If the "dull monotony of noisy revelry" seemed a stupendous joke, how would he stand aghast at the sublime absurdity of the "endless variety and excitement of philosophic thought!" And yet there *is* something in it, though our hypothetical young friend might shake his ambrosial locks until his fashionable attire should be covered as thickly with globules of oil as a plate of ox-tail soup, and not get it out. Noisy revelry—under which generic term we may include all sorts of dissipation, from the vulgar brawls of the *canaille* to the fashionable amusements of the *ton*—is indisputably dull with an exceeding great dulness; though one does not

discover this until he has exhausted all its possible variations.

As to the excitement of philosophic thought, I am not prepared to advise a general scramble after that—at least not while speculation in stocks holds out similar attractions, supplemented by a chance of pecuniary profit. Happily, the taste for this new dissipation always accompanies the ability to pursue it, and those who have never felt the former need not hope to acquire the latter. To this class belong the readers of the daily press, who would do well to stick to their dull revelry and their equally dull literature. My readers, who are of purer fire, have already doffed the unintellectual drab of unseemly hilarity, and donned the jaunty spiritual attire of profound philosophic abstraction. Let these go abroad into the Egyptian darkness of fashionable recreation, and snatch their shivering and benighted brethren into the cheerful glow of metaphysical speculation—or, snatch them bald-headed in the attempt.

Come, let us hold high carnival over the musty tomes of the nominalists and the realists; let us intoxicate our intellect with the nectar of Empedocles (vintage of 450 B.C.), and grow rosy-cheeked and garrulous over the light wines of Locke, Descartes, Kant, and Mill! Let us trip it on the light fantastic toe to the maddening flageolet of Comte, and the ravishing fiddlestick of Spencer! Let us exhilarate over *Ego* and *non-Ego*. Let us dissipate.

I AM confident there is strength enough in the arm of a child to have overturned the Tower of Babel. There is no such thing as rest. Every particle of matter, in even the densest body, has a vibratory motion with a fixed period of oscillation, and the mass, as a whole, has its vibratory period, independently of those of its atoms. To perceptibly move any heavy body, it is only essential to ascertain the direction and period of its oscillation, and apply any intermitted impulsion, even the most infinitesimal, at precisely the right periods for the proper length of time. The time required bears some definite proportion to the power applied and the resistance to be overcome: it is likely that it would require a hundred years for an ordinary man to move St. Peter's, and two hundred and fifty to upset the Great Pyramid.

A popular error is a still more stubborn matter than a material body, but the difficulties in the way of removing it are of the same nature: you cannot accurately determine when to apply the power, when to ease up, nor in what direction to operate. The difficulty is considerably enhanced by the fact that it has no period: it vibrates, but not regularly. Nevertheless, a popular error may be overthrown.

The error of putting Madeira into turtle-soup—and I know not a more mischievous one—was once as wide-spread as the belief in witchcraft.

"THE representative Patriot is an ass. He is so absurdly thin-skinned that one must not poke at him with anything harsher than a feather-duster, or he will go get him into a conniption directly. You must temper your talk to him, as you do to a girl-baby, the convulsive working of whose under-lip indicates that she is crammed with cry and pregnant with vast possibilities of shriek. Not only must you praise his climate, his soil, his crops, and his dog, but you must elaborately and minutely disparage the dog, crops, soil, and climate of every one else. If you do not, he will choke you in his congenial fog, pelt you with a fruitful clod, brain you with a succulent root, and bite your body with his pup."

For such a man as the late Thomas Jefferson to write so groundless a slander, was an act so base that the fact of his never having written it can hardly be accepted as a sufficient justification.

THE distinction between a work of Art and a work of Nature is a merely arbitrary one, maintained for convenience. It is not a distinction of origin, but of method. The water cuts a canal, and you call it Nature; you build a bridge across it, and call that Art. It is Nature in both cases: in the one, acting through the agency of human hands; in the other, through agencies of a different kind. Is coral a work of Art or a work of Nature? Here

is a law: The attrition of moving bodies widens the channels in which they move. Now mark this action of the law: those streets in cities in which there is a jam of vehicles grow wide for their accommodation. What kind of phenomenon is that? Again: Vegetation springs most rankly near abundant water. So does architecture. Flowers turn towards the sun. So do houses. Heat creates a tempest at sea. It sets, also, a lady's fan in motion. Light falling upon chemically prepared plates paints a picture. This requires the intervention of a camera. By the intervention of a man of the proper organization, it will paint a picture upon canvas. We may flatter ourselves that we create, but we do not: we simply transmit. Whence come the forces transmitted we cannot hope to know; we can only understand that they are none of ours. We are merely the "middle-men" between producer and consumer, and are not even permitted to levy toll upon what passes through our hands. If we were we should cheat.

THE reasoning by which it is made to appear that the keeping one's teeth constantly on edge, and one's general system in a condition of unfailing pain, are prime essentials to perfect health, is somewhat defective; and I think the true foundation of this cheerful doctrine must be sought in faith. Concerning faith, there is no reasoning, further than what is necessary to determine if it be

of any value. For faith is a physician, to whose treatment, having once called him in, you must submit with unquestioning docility; but he may not be summoned, except upon the recommendation of Dr. Reason. The latter is accustomed to call him, either when a case baffles his own skill or makes too heavy a demand upon his time and industry.

Now, a question that cannot be answered by reason alone may nevertheless be a very important question: but I think that, upon the whole, we should have fewer *non sequiturs* to clear away, if all such problems were left unsolved. I speak not particularly—nor even mainly—of theological problems (in which I am but indifferently versed), but of social, moral, ethical, political, and even scientific ones, in the solution of which faith is quite as actively employed. I confess I do not understand the one-half that is written about faith. This is probably because I have it not. An eyeless fish from the Mammoth Cave cannot be expected to know much about optical science, but at least he may boast himself free from optical illusions.

THERE are, in California, a great many thousand people who perform miracles. The method is this: A man takes a reed and scroll, which have been blessed for the purpose, and writes these cabalistic words: "*California magna est.*" Reversing the papyrus, he writes, "*Magna est*

California." He then uncovers his head, and holds up the scroll, and the glare of the sun is flung broadly upon it, rendering the inscription visible all over the State. The miracle consists in believing it.

FOLLOWING is a fragment of a conversation between my learned friend, Usquebaugh, and an Amiable Maniac, upon the subject of Intemperance. It is all, thank Heaven, that came to my ears :—

A. M.—You certainly do not intend making a defence of intemperance ?

U.—I certainly do not think it stands in any present need of a defence ; it seems to be flourishing.

A. M.—It is a great and growing evil.

U.—You're another ; but it really is.

A. M.—It ought to be vigorously stamped out.

U.—Like earthquake, for example.

A. M.—The law could do it.

U.—If administered.

A. M.—But certainly a great deal may be done by our temperance societies—of several of which I am a shining light.

U.—Yes, a great deal, whenever the intemperate can be induced to join them, or otherwise manifest an interest in the matter.

A. M.—But, my dear Sir, how would *you* combat this great evil ?

U.—Pretty much as you do—and with pretty much the same success.

A. M.—The love of strong drink is a most unnatural appetite!

U.—There, Sir, incredible as it may appear, you are wonderfully wrong. I think it is Mr. Buckle who cautions us never to defend a doctrine by arguments having a smaller or less permanent basis than the doctrine itself. *I* say, never account for a fact by a cause having a smaller or less permanent basis than the fact. All nations, in all ages, have used alcoholic stimulants. About the only other permanent habits they have possessed in common are eating, drinking water, sleeping, reproducing, and building fires. It is noticeable that for each of these habits there exists an absolute physical necessity.

A. M.—Ah! I see; you seek to justify drunkenness.

U.—You are a magnificent idiot!

IT is more than a little singular that the passions, which burn with a lawless flame, and the imagination, which flies with a free wing, should find their largest liberty in confinement; in other words, that these unruly qualities should be best expressed in the measured and exact diction of verse—language cut up into determinate lengths, and fitted together like mechanism. I will admit that I cannot at all comprehend this, and all that

has been written upon it has seemed to me very superficial and unsatisfactory. Of course, it is easy enough to understand why verse is pleasing to the ear; but why our most spontaneous and tumultuous feelings go voluntarily into harness, is a very different and very much more difficult question. Pending its final solution, I would not advise the reader to batter the edge of his wits upon it, for it may not be a problem of vital importance.

PLATO held that those souls which in a previous state of existence had obtained the clearest glimpses of eternal truth, entered into the bodies of persons who became philosophers (by a striking coincidence he was himself a philosopher), musicians, and lovers. He excluded musicians and lovers from his delightful "Republic." I am not in a position to state that inconsistency appertains to the system of Plato alone.

The souls which had least contemplated divine truth, animated the bodies of usurpers and despots. By another remarkable coincidence, Dionysius I., who threatened to decapitate the broad-browed thinker, was an usurper and a despot. I do not know that Plato was the first to construct a system that might be quoted against his personal enemies. I know that he was not the last.

IN writing, it is not unusual for the pen to misform some letter, or make some eccentric blunder

in shaping the commonest word. Now, if you shall copy something previously written upon another sheet, and shall do it carelessly, it is ten to one that your pen will make the same blunders, at precisely the same places, as upon the first sheet. Everyone must have noted this singular trickery of the fingers; but it is not likely that everyone can readily account for it. Perhaps the best that can be said about it is, that it is very human to go on repeating old errors.

IT is not to be claimed that by merely keeping out of the penitentiary one may establish a title to all the known virtues. Negative morality is commendable within certain limits; but the fat social kine who simply refrain from banqueting upon the lean ones, are not entitled to the same measure of credit as the active dog who keeps the lean ones from devouring them. The kind of Decalogue demanded by our present needs is one in which each several commandment shall begin with "Thou shalt," instead of "Thou shalt not." Every candid mind will agree to this—with merely the proviso that the amendment shall stop with the elision of the negative.

SUCH is the social and political organization of modern civilized society, that where public opinion cannot command deference by reason of its wisdom, it will usually exact submission by

reason of its power; and as it is somehow natural to associate with the idea of might the idea of right, men frequently believe themselves bowing to the latter when they are really cowering before the former. It does not matter much; they must cringe to something.

AUGUSTIN NICHOLAS relates that a poor peasant, who had been arrested for sorcery, was put to the torture, for the purpose of compelling a confession. After enduring a few gentle agonies, the suffering simpleton admitted his guilt, but naïvely asked his tormentors if it were not possible for one to be a sorcerer without knowing it. He was immediately and righteously put to death; and by this instructive example we are taught the folly of raising irrelevant issues to embarrass the solution of grave and weighty social problems.

WITH regard to that historical interview between the transgressing little George Washington and his aggrieved parent, I have always considered the confessed inability of the former to tell a lie a most unfortunate moral peculiarity. Had he been able, I have no doubt he would have executed a piece of matchless mendacity that might have stood as a model for all future generations.

THERE is nothing so infallible as the judgment of one's contemporaries. Upon the man who first ate an oyster, it was that he would eat anything; upon him who first shaved the beard, that he marred fair Nature; upon him who first got himself astride a horse, that he was a raving maniac; upon him who first parted his hair upon the side of the head, that he was a fool—and as to this latter, I see no good reason to reverse the decision.

IF a man who is too heavy in the head shall attempt to swim, it is to be expected that he shall founder somewhat ludicrously. For him and his kind, the villages which it may be thought necessary for him to visit are connected by highways. The modern humourist will do well to avail himself of these, though it is cheating the fishes.

There is a clownish kind of toy, made of light pith or cork cut into a mannish figure about two inches in length. At one end it is loaded with sealing-wax, and it will stand erect with this end skyward. But once disturb its equipoise, and when you expect it to fall quietly upon its side, it executes an astonishing transposition, and stands rigidly upon its head.

The fashion of humour, in these times, is to stand upon your head.

EVER since Goethe represented Mephistopheles as taking the shape of a poodle to pass the pentagram which in his proper form he was unable to cross, every designing imp who has wished to sneak over an inhibition, has deemed it expedient to assume the character of a dog—by which that beast has been greatly damaged in his reputation. This shallow artifice is become undemonly: if one may not defile the temple in his own proper person, let him stand outside and make mouths.

BIRDS are said to sing most sweetly in the early morning. I don't know how this is; they might as well not sing, if one has to jeopard his health to hear them. Birds are overrated, anyhow—though some of the smaller sorts are quite edible.

A PIG carrying a wisp of straw in his mouth portends rain. Minor showers occur without the intervention of the pig. Nicely roasted he is very good.

TO the man who has not a better recommendation than his wealth:—You could not have a better.

EDITORIAL FINE FRENZIES.

MAN IN QUANTITY.

A SNOW-BOUND passenger-train is a little world—a world in which sinful games are played as in the bigger world outside. Upon one train, during a blockade on the Union Pacific Railway, there were the following incidents:—A lecture, divine service, a case of larceny and another of small-pox, a death, a fire, a collision, two births, a vigorous wife-beating, and numberless other occurrences of the kind inseparable from, and essential to, the existence of man in quantity. What a hateful beast is conglomerate man! It is impossible for one to look at him without a lively disgust, similar to that inspired by the spectacle of a tangled wad of rattlesnakes thawing and reeking in the Spring sunlight. A single individual of the species is tolerable, but put a score of them into close contact, and straightway they shall begin to enact you so varied and multifold unpleasantness—so distracting and displeasing pranks—a myriad of so fathomless abominations, that one would fain be a dog, if that dogs only were any better or worse—which they are not. We never look upon man without thinking of that horrid—perhaps fabled—

animal that is clean-limbed, and sweet, and gracious, and comely, but which no sooner touches one of its kind than it begins to expire a noxious odour. This beast the reader will find fully described in Dr. Langstrothe's *Fauna Numidiæ*, a most entertaining work. Immortal, are you, Yahoo? Godlike? In the image of your Maker? And yet you thieve, you beat wives, and you die in all manner of unseemly ways! You give lectures and give birth; you have collisions, and fires, and divine service, and the small-pox! Talk not to us, monster, of your godlike attributes; we know you for a most pestilent and forbidding beast, requiring the constant purification of water, and oft-renewed anointings with perfumes.

THE BEAST WITHOUT A NAME.

WE submit that it is now seasonable to suppress the nameless brute whose ravening jaws drip and slaver with the blood of murdered mothers and unborn babies. Scarcely has the mortal part of one deluded young woman begun to move hideously with its complement of grave-worms, than this villain's steel sends another to her account. We yearn for a return of the golden days when the killer of women was made to suffer for his crime; when his bloody hands were corded behind his back, and a black cap shut out the gold-greed of his eyes for ever; when his ears, no longer lulled by the clink of dropping coins, were stung

by the hisses of the brutal mob about his gallows! There would be more true church music in the sodden thud of one of these wretches dropping from his beam, than in all your Christian hymns blown through the noses of your quiring virgins up to the Great White Throne!

Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord. Yes, yes, good Lord; but it is for us to deliver offenders into Thy hand, to the end that the vengeance may begin.

PERSEVERANCE.

WE hold that genius in suicide is but indifferently appreciated; many cases are daily occurring in which the most splendid results are achieved with appliances seemingly inadequate to the production of even a temporary paralysis; and it is not uncommon for persons of little learning and no experience to make away with themselves after some ingenious fashion that mere talent and ripe scholarship might have sought in vain to devise. And yet these skilful operators receive no greater credit than the simple clod-pate who vulgularly disembowels himself with a grain sickle, or crushes out his soul under a steam-hammer. This is all wrong, and tends to the discouragement of art.

The question of the morality of suicide is not at all involved. It may be granted that this is a vice, without at all affecting the matter with which we are now concerned—the matter of

method. Even murder is less repulsive when neatly and artistically committed, and there is no doubt but the slovenly practitioner who opens his victim's head with a knotty club gets it much hotter down below than the dainty gentleman who works deftly with a keen cleaver. But even a lack of genius and originality may be pardoned if accompanied with firm determination and unwavering perseverance. If one do but adorn his awkwardness with the grace of persistence, he merits a certain temperate meed of praise only less than that accorded to actual genius. For this reason we regard Mr. Michael, of Los Angelos, with feelings of unmixed admiration. Mr. Michael had tired of life's fitful fever, and sought to effect a cure with a pistol—a vulgar, hackneyed expedient, justly deserving of emphatic disapproval. But mark the high qualities of this man! He emptied five barrels of that weapon at his head, each leaden pellet ploughing its crimson groove through the Michaelian scalp, but not ducking beneath the bone to the heroic brain within. The man who could look upon this marvellous attempt unmoved with admiration—nay, who could himself withhold a friendly shot, or deny the succour of the exterminating axe—is not to be lightly classed with Christian gentlemen.

MACSNUFFLE.

THE last aspirant for eternal infamy is a jolly Scot,—the Rev. John Macsnuffle. This

pious person has been drooling weak venom upon the memory of Robert Burns, compared with whom *he* is as a dunghill to Mount Carmel. "It seems" —to this moral fraud—"that a glamor is over the eyes of men who see genius in Burns. I can only term unsanctified genius diabolical cleverness," concludes the nose-harping simpleton.

O, Christian friends, ye who rail at the mythology of the heathen, and shout prayers for the triumph of your own—who go about with the high moon mirrored in your speculative eyes, blessing God for gospel light—whose ears are full of the dull thunder of angels' wings, and whose senses are alert for the Second Coming—look upon this product of your system, this Reverend John Macsnuffle! O, but he is a beauty—a fair and odorous blossom, in sooth —a very summing-up of all spiritual sweetness—a grand total of multifold intelligence! Ah! it is an inspiring spectacle, this weaponed and war-painted sausage standing sturdily *en garde* against the Prince of the Power of the Air in a carolling poet! O, where is Swift? where Pope? whither is Voltaire gone? Pray God their successor may arrive full soon, that this man's memory may be gibbeted before it shall decay! Lo! it is even now too late. "Lord, by this time he stinketh!"

AD STULTOS.

THE sentimental impracticables of both sexes —the old maids of vinegar aspect, with

untold wealth of enforced virtue, equally with the bald-headed iniquitors who nightly sup full of all current vice; the tender virgin who knows not to be other; the sober-eyed dame, jealous of her husband's fair fame and careless of her own; the downy-faced young male with a talent for Sunday-school psalmody and a weakness for forbidden books; Paterfamilias, whose stories at the club, if printed and carried in the pocket, would subject the bearer to arrest—all these, and all their moral kith and kin, are shocked by the plan of taking Vice by the horns, instead of covertly assailing it at the hoof with the milk-teeth of pinching pups, or baying it from afar with the clamour of tethered hounds. These are they who clutch tight the nose against the ill smells of society, and swear that all is lavender and sweet clover. According to them there's not an ill in life but naming it makes it so. It matters not what may be the good wrought by what they are pleased to term the legal sanctioning of crime; it is enough that the benefit depends upon a seeming parley with the sin which *their* system defies and encourages—ignores and abets.

If we cannot defeat our enemy without recognizing him as a belligerent, let us submit to be ourselves defeated. So shall we preserve our blessed hypocrisy to the last, and while filling with corruption and dead men's bones, we shall point proudly to our whited exterior, whose façade is carven with Scripture texts from base to cornice.

Go to, Meekcheek; we are chaffing thee! And thou, Mildspeech; we rail at thy kind! Madame Fathead, and Miss Primdimity, ye irk us with your troubled looks. Ye are shocked at this "sanctioning of vice" are ye, darlings? Well, well, ye shall be no parties to it. Ye have had your day, like other dogs (male and female created He them), and ye have made a mess of it.

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

IT is not probable that the American public can ever be warmed into a serious enthusiasm about the birth of George Washington—or, for the matter of that, any other man. George was a good man; it is a good thing that he was born; but it has somehow got into the popular noddle that American Independence is due rather to the Fourth of July than to the twenty-second of February—to the American people than to the American Washington. Without the stubborn valour of our forefathers, there would have been no independence, even with a thousand Washingtons: with it, there would have been independence without one. Individual men are excellent cores about which to crystalize immortal ideas, but it is more in accordance with good sense to celebrate the birth of the ideas than the birth of the men. You know this, you ignorant rabble, but you do not know that you know it, and if you were requested to commemorate the birth of Adam, you would feel guilty if you

could not pump up a copious enthusiasm. Rest easy, Manyhead; for once you are right in not drinking yourself beastly drunk upon a national holiday; the occasion is not one of sufficient dignity to justify the expense. When a salmon-coloured baby scuffles yelping into the world, the incident is not one of national importance.

EQUINE.

WE should dearly love to know why people betake them to horse runnings, and why hey grow excited at the spectacle, and why a horse that can run a mile in two minutes is a better horse than a horse that can run a mile in two minutes and a second. These things unto us are as occult as possible—a sealed book locked up in a bank vault and the key lost. Admit that horses are merely equine—unable to talk like those old mustangs belonging to the stud of the late Achilles, and, unlike apes, incapable of developing into anything human, and how absurd this sharp interest in the rapidity with which they can put down and pull up their feet! That crowd at the Grand Stand—what the hoary mischief are they craning their necks at? A spanking bay filly and a tight chesnut. Names "Napoleon Bonaparte" and "Shoo-fly," respectively. Clearly these animals go very fast as compared with an ox-cart; but a locomotive steam-engine, or a humming-bird, can beat them no end.

Improves the breed of horses. Certainly; the light roan of the year 2870 will do it in a two seconds less time than this one requires in his mile. And the crowd of that day will get all the benefit of it, and call *us* old fogies. O miserable mob—to nourish a passion for horses when the world is flooded with wine that may be sipped, and women that may be lipped!

A SMALL MISTAKE.

MRS. CADY STANTON is led to believe that war between civilised nations is pretty nearly at an end. She thinks this because Great Britain and the United States have settled a difference by treaty and arbitration. Half the editors in the land have been preaching the same sermon from the same text, but we did not expect it from a man of Mrs. Stanton's good sense. We hope it may not be regarded as impertinent to—not inform but—remind these estimable people that international disagreements have been settled by treaty and arbitration upon several former occasions, and also that good humans like themselves have been predicting the speedy termination of war ever since the blessed science of prophecy was known amongst men. And yet, of all decades in the history of the world, the last has been the bloodiest decade; of all centuries, the last has been the bloodiest century. Christianity, the religion of peace and brotherly love, is also somewhat more

widely professed than at any former period; and by a singular and most exasperating coincidence, nearly all the slaughtering is done amongst and by the most Christian nations. How do we explain this? We do not explain it; we refer you to His Reverence Archbishop Alemany, and His Rival Reverence Bishop Kip.

JULY FOURTH.

WHAT an inspiring spectacle—that of the evening of July Fourth, with its twenty thousand patriots, patriotesses, and patriotlings, wild with pyrotechnic fervour! How they howled as the rockets went careering skyward; how they yelled as they—the rockets—burst into brilliant fragments and dropped their dirt into their—the spectators'—eyes! O you ridiculous public, you sea of upturned faces, what a gregarious beast you are! How you elbowed, and jammed, and squeezed, and rubbed the dust one from another, and breathed and re-breathed the exhalations of your own lungs, choked with powder-smoke and reeking of bad whisky and tobacco! Faith, you must have your Fourth of July—you must have your annual rockets and hideous noises, you great brutal baby. You must be amused while the Government officials and the thousands of other practised banditti go deftly through you and despoil you of your goods. Now look; fasten your stupid eyes upon this glittering toy; prick your long ears to the music of this rattle, while we

cut away your purse of cheerful pennies. So shall your senses be dazed that ye neither see the scissors nor hear the snip thereof.

Thou art an amiable prey, my imbecile public, and we wax fat upon thy substance, and feed thee with the frugal crumbs which we cast contemptuously into the air to see thee scramble for them. Out upon thee for a well meaning person!

THE SOCIAL OUTLOOK.

THE new year opens well, and we all "mean business." The rains holds off, the weather has been mostly warm and pellucid, permitting a great deal of out-door exercise, and it is pleasant to note the cheerful alacrity with which our volatile population takes advantage of God's air and sunshine to be rollicking and merry, like unto the chirping cricket, the leaping grasshopper, and the fussy butterfly. The buoyant-spirited young gentleman trigs his shapely person in rich attire, sallies forth with shining morning face, and thrashes somebody like fun. The staid old citizen of sixty polishes his bald pate, draws on his holiday trousers, seizes his sturdy staff, gets him joyously down the street, and insults some young girl. Lightly he laughs at his success, playfully boasts of it, calmly receives a bowie-knife in his paunch, and spreading his fat fingers shivers out his lecherous ghost. The blithe matron sings in clover all the day long and chops off her babe's head with a butcher's cleaver

upon retiring. Friend meets friend, and wishing him a "Happy New Year," smashes in his head with some foreign body snatched up for the occasion. The tuneful click of cocking shot-guns is like the ticking of countless Dutch clocks. Brooklets of blood run babbling seaward in the sewers, and "the multitudinous waves incarnardine."

Everything prognosticates a busy winter, and a spring without anybody alive to enjoy it. So be it; all is fish that comes to our net. The enterprising journalist is never better pleased than when he is called upon to perform the painful duty of detailing an atrocious murder, a harrowing mayhem, or a shocking suicide. It is nuts to him; it is honey to his tooth; it is corn and wine. Let the show proceed.

SAINT DECORATION.

THERE is a day set apart by common American consent for honouring the dead heroes of the late civil war, by strewing posies upon their graves. The day is called Decoration-day, and the custom is of the sort called "beautiful." Persons afflicted with sentiment worship at the shrine of the dead military with extremely great satisfaction, and the mouldy bonework of each subterranean hero turns over and gives a rattle of quiet enjoyment as the roses and pinks, geraniums and verbenas are placed in the tangled weeds and neglected grass above him; while a distant band brays a brazen dirge,

and a Republican Congressional candidate roasts the Democrats. And yet it is probable the custom will not outlive the present decade. For by the end of that period the soldiers' graves will have become so sunken and overgrown as to be no longer discerned, the roasted Democrats will have become too powerful for further roasting, and St. Decoration will need posies on his own grave.

UN BALLO.

IF there is anything that affords the peace of mind that literally passeth understanding (in the sense of comprehending) it is to see a batch of Americans upon the revel. The graceful gambols of a six hours' colt and the touching frisk of a pious cow are calculated to excite in the mind of the observer a placid interest at once pleasing and harmless. It is not followed by the distressing reaction which dogs the heels of the merely conventional intoxication. But for ravishing and bewildering exhilaration commend us to the stately caper of a baby elephant or the grave pranks of a native masquerade. As a provocative of hilarious laughter, it is barely equalled by the delights of body-snatching in a moonless night, and exceeded only by the cheerful spectacle of a public execution. Our volatile people are so inimitably droll, so captivatingly piquant, so fearfully and wonderfully odd, that a single glance at their carnival antics draws from even the most phlegmatic a very yawn

of sympathy and a drone of approval. Our eyelids droop irresistibly at the thought. It is too much for us.

WE ARE SEVEN.

IT is pleasing to learn that the Right Worthy Grand Conclave of Heptasophs, has finally been organized. We have lain awake nights waiting and wishing for this, and it has come at last! There will be no more war, nor disease, nor crime, nor love, nor any unpleasantness at all. In all the land shall be the audible budding of roses and the cooing of turtle doves. The plash of fountains under green trees; the murmur of waterfalls; the sweet jargoning of birds; the spicy breezes from forests of odorous shrubs; music in the air, and warm sunbeams; troops of angels carrying golden harps, or reclining upon rich divans under canopies of cloth-of-gold; glittering gondolas, self-moving upon still waters; the dreamy languor of ineffable repose!—all these we seem to see crowding in upon us, and tempting us to partake of celestial bliss Winged spirits beckon from the summit of every golden hill, and invite us to enter the bowers of eternal pleasure, and find happiness in the Order of Heptasophs. It is more than likely we shall join, if the initiation fee is not too high a figure for our slender means. We do not purpose being swindled in this thing.

SACRED THEMES.

[BLASPHEMY, *n.*—Idle discourse concerning *my* Phemy.
Dr. Johnson.]

BELOVED BRETHREN:—The text we have selected for your edification to-day may be found in II. Samuel, chap. xxiv., v. 24: "So David bought the threshing-floor and the oxen for fifty shekels of silver." There is not, my fellow-travellers to the bar of God, a passage in the whole Bible so pregnant with truth, as we shall presently see. Let us review the circumstances which led to this purchase of real estate.

David had decided to number his people, or rather the army he had long commanded. Generals at the present day know pretty nearly how many men they have under them, but David's ways were not Grant's ways. He had two reasons for numbering them. First, the Devil incited him thereto, as we learn from I. Chronicles, chap. xxi., v. 1: "And Satan stood up against Israel, and provoked David to number Israel." Second, he was *not* incited thereto by the Devil, as will appear from II. Samuel, chap. xxiv., v. 1: "And again the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel,

and he moved David against them to say, Go number Israel and Judah." This statement, which so plainly supports that just cited, is itself verified by James, chap. i., v. 13: "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man."

So David took the census of his people; and we learn in II. Samuel, chap. xxiv., v. 9, "there were in Israel eight hundred thousand valiant men that drew the sword, and the men of Judah were five hundred thousand"—thirteen hundred thousand in all. This is corroborated by I. Chron., chap. xxi., v. 5, where the total is given as fourteen hundred and seventy thousand.

Now, the Lord was justly angry with David for doing this thing, and slew seventy thousand of his people; and I say unto you, it served them right. The Lord doeth all things well. But David began to be ashamed of his part of the transaction, and said unto the Lord: "I have sinned and done wickedly: but these sheep, what have they done?" So then the good Lord desisted from the slaughter; blessed be the name of the Lord! But to further appease His wrath, David bought a threshing-floor, whereon to erect an altar. In II. Sam., it was purchased from Araunah, and in I. Chronicles, from Ornan. And this brings us to our text: "So David bought the threshing-floor and the oxen for fifty shekels of silver." If under the droppings of my sanctuary there sits any unhallowed estate-

agent who doubts that in those early days land could bring so high a price at private sale, let him consult I. Chron., chap. xxi., v. 25: "So David gave to Ornan for the place six hundred shekels of gold by weight."

Brethren, let us prey!

THESE are the things in which we believe: A Trinity—three Gods united by a rope at the waist; that being about the only sort of *Tria Juncta in Uno* that our humble intelligence can accurately comprehend. This triple Deity is flesh and blood, for spirit, if it is anything, is breath; and in this case the question, Whose breath? would be utterly unanswerable. The remission of sins—that is, after they have been painfully expiated in the person of the sinner. Otherwise we should have to relinquish a belief in justice. There is a Heaven; the same as described by St. John. This is wholly uninhabited, except by the angels who were born there; for only a limited number of human beings have ever been good enough to go there, and these do not wish to spend an eternity of useless indolence. There is a Hell; but its climate has undergone such a change in the last one hundred years that it may be called salubrious. In fact, it has been so modified in every respect, that it is difficult to say what it is. These are the four cardinal points in our theology.

Au reste, we believe the doctrine of election

without understanding it, and revere the doctrine of redemption without believing it. We believe the world was created out of nothing, but don't know how the nothing was held together, and don't think it could be done again. We believe in baptism, for we have seen it done. We believe in Divine Mercy, without wishing to take any of it. We think the Patriarchs were an honest and worthy lot, who have been shamefully misrepresented. We admire the wisdom of Solomon, and wish he had chosen to display it; and are amazed at the miracles of the Prophets, so little inferior to those of our own *prestidigitateurs*, and in some respects superior to the corresponding ones of their heathen predecessors and contemporaries.

Of the four Evangelists, we have most confidence in John, because the Gospel bearing his name was written some hundreds of years after the others, and contains some facts not previously attainable. And finally we believe that Jesus was the son of David, because two of the Evangelists trace the descent of his adopted father directly from that person. From this brief and imperfect statement of our theological position, our biographer will have no difficulty in classing us. A man who believes in everything that anybody else does, can be only a Pagan.

WE profess as little reverence as anybody, but there are certain outward observances of respect due to deities of all grades and conditions,

including spiritual essences, wooden images, and mud-gods. It is for this reason that we regard Mr. Ah Chew with extreme abhorrence. One Sunday this tobacco-tinted infidel went into the opium shop of his co-religionist, Mr. Ah Wah, and settled himself down for a quiet smoke. We grieve to add, that not content with this innocent enjoyment, Mr. Chew repeatedly and sacrilegiously freed his pipe of its ashes by knocking out the same upon the head of a brazen god belonging to his host. Mr. Wah protested in vain against this desecration of the godhead ; the atheistical smoker persisted in the awful iniquity until bumped on the pate with an iron bar. Thus doth offended Deity avenge his insulted divinity ; let scoffers beware ! Thus shall impiety be overtaken by a righteous retribution ; let bad little boys lay the warning well to heart ! It is true the stricken sinner afterward got up and wrought upon the vitals of his judge with a knife so that the latter died ; and to the merely human understanding it would appear that piety got the worse of it ; but a game is never out until it is played to a legitimate close, and while the good Ah Wah shall enjoy an eternity of rapture beating upon a golden gong, the sinful Ah Chew shall burn his opium in endless torment ! So be it unto all who would make of the godhead an ash-holder !

O LORD, who, for the purposes of this supplication, we will assume to have created

the heavens and the earth before man created Thee; and who, let us say, art from everlasting to everlasting, whatever the same may mean; we beseech Thee to turn Thy attention this way, and behold a set of the most abandoned rascals Thou hast ever had the pleasure of setting eyes on. We frankly admit, O Lord, that we are but worms wriggling in the dust. In addition to this we confess ourselves a sweet lot of smooth-tongued hypocrites, with a goodly sprinkling of healthy sneaks, admit that our villainy is something phenomenal, and that we are capable of any inexpensive enormity. Not one of us has the hardihood to claim a single redeeming virtue. We were born so, and can't help it; and wouldn't if we could. But in consideration of the fact that Thou sentest Thy only-begotten Son among us, and afforded us the felicity of murdering him, we would respectfully suggest the propriety of taking into heaven such of us as pay our church dues, and giving us an eternity of exalted laziness and absolutely inconceivable fun. We ask this in the name of Thy Son—whom we strung up as above stated. Amen.

THE learned Dr. Prathnu Gobottle has discovered at Jerusalem, where he has been making certain excavations by order of the British Archæological Society, a colossal brazen image, representing an ox standing before a gate, armed

with a flaming sword. (Precisely how this weapon flames the learned doctor has neglected to state.) He makes no doubt but this represents the cherub guarding the gate of Paradise after the expulsion of our first parents—*kêrub* in Hebrew signifying ox, and not angel as erroneously translated. The doctor thinks this view is confirmed by finding near the same spot the figure of a grinning monkey, undoubtedly the one that tempted Eve to eat the apple. (The reader is presumed to be familiar with the fact that in the Hebrew Bible it is a monkey instead of a serpent.) We perfectly agree with the doctor that his discovery is "a most important one:" the truth of the Book of Genesis may now be regarded as partly established. If, in making further excavations, Dr. Gobottle should come upon the figures of a fleeing jackass accompanied by a female of his kind, he may reasonably conclude that all the actors in the drama of the Expulsion have been duly commemorated in their native brass, and that his discoveries are complete.

THE Rev. L. Hamilton, a Presbyterian parson, put his elephantine foot in it. He had the unseemly temerity to infuse a little common sense into his discourse, and the result was just what might have been expected. The Presbyterian mind has an aversion to common sense, compared with which that of a mad dog to water is but a coy reluctance. His offence was rank, and is thus

stated: "He did not entertain the belief that children who could not comprehend the Bible, and heathen, to whom it had never been explained, were doomed to endless punishment, and he did not believe in a literal burning lake for the wicked hereafter, the material hell, as it is ordinarily described." Such unsavoury opinions as these are indeed a stench in the Presbyterian nostrils. For nearly a year his case was before the Presbytery, and they finally clapped an ecclesiastic cork into the mouth of this Vessel of Wrath. The V. of W. appealed to the Synod to apply the Synodical corkscrew for his relief. They declined, and rapped it in more firmly with the holy mallet of their unanimous injunction. Children are therefore subject to eternal roasting in an indisputably material lake of brimstone, all the same as adult Catholics, Unitarians, and Methodists.

A GODLY writer waxeth wild upon the strife of "conversion to Christ." As thus: "And oh! how mightily works the heavenly Paraclete in that great conflict in which heaven and hell engage, when the soul struggles into life!" Ah, yes, the Paraclete has a very hard time of it. And then, too, there are so many other Paracletes loafing about doing nothing. 'Pon our word, we have not the remotest idea what a Paraclete is, but we admire untiring industry as honestly as any other lazy man.

THE following will form a part of the next annual report of the President of the Home Missionary Society: "Your President is pained to confess that during the current year the work of the Association has not been blessed by God." (It will be observed that missionary Christians are addicted to profanity.) "With the exception of two Methodists, a kangaroo at Woodward's Gardens, a broker, and a small nigger, nobody has been converted whom we should like to rely upon. This partial failure (which has been wickedly construed as implying that the Association is not uniformly successful in saving souls) is to be attributed to no lack of energy upon our part, but to the fact that we did not happen to get hold of people who were ripe for regeneration.

"I must not forget to mention one instance of conviction that promises well for the future. A zealous member accosted a small boy and asked him if he knew that he was a sinner. The child replied to the effect that he supposed he did know it, having a mother hard by to remind him of it. The mother was actually present. The good gentleman then asked the boy if he found any pleasure in sin. The answer to this came in the form—not an uncommon one with the ungodly—of earnest and emphatic advice to the gentleman to lay a wager that such was the case—which, of course, was disregarded. The gentleman then inquired of the penitent if he would like to be born again. It

is probable that an affirmative reply, attended eventually with the happiest results, would have followed, but at this point the mother interposed and objected, saying she had nothing prepared."

THE Devil has not only a monopoly of the good music and the good fun, but has lately managed to acquire a controlling interest in the good writing. In comparing the religious with the secular newspapers this fact becomes strikingly apparent. The Lord's people are probably as fond of sharp, hard-sense writing as anybody, but somehow they do not manage to get much of it in their own prints, and there is reason to suspect that what they do get is supplied by the fellows on our side—as during our late war the fat Federal soldiers used sometimes to supply the lean enemy with surreptitious coffee and furtive tobacco. The fact is that as a rule Straighthair does not write well, and it is to be feared he does not pay well also; else he could command the incisive pens of the mercenary ungodly, who would soon make it very lively indeed for the sinners.

Now all manner of wickedness is so conspicuously indefensible—so grossly and openly absurd—that to be utterly exterminated it needs but to be intelligently attacked by the clever wits of the secular press, who would like no better fun than to hurl bombshells into their own camp, if they were but paid for the service. Certainly they know

well enough the vulnerable points of the position, and would not be restrained from attacking those points by the common clerical fear of exhibiting a too great familiarity with their subject. We are quite confident that the world will never be evangelised until these keen rascals are bought over and the Devil made ridiculous. In about a score of years they would convert all the world, and should then be exterminated by law.

A WICKED scoffer has somehow got hold of a series of questions which have been drawn up by his betters for discussion at a proposed Sunday School Convention, and the wretch has robbed the discussion of its charm by answering them in advance, in the manner following:

"Should a bad boy be turned out of Sunday-school?"—No; he should be seized by the superfluity of the trousers and the nape of the neck, and have the badness butted out of him against the door-post.

"Should a teacher scold his pupils?"—Not until he shall have exhausted in vain all the penal resources of the adjacent forest.

"Would you have an unconverted teacher in your school?"—Yes; we would decoy him in and kill him with the fire-poker.

"Should children, however small, be admitted into the church?"—The smaller the better, for of such only is the kingdom of heaven.

"Are Sabbath-school concerts important, and how often should we have them?"—As soon as a sufficient number of the pupils have a cold in the head.

"How soon after a pupil is admitted ought we to look for conversion?"—The symptoms begin to appear immediately after contagion, but it would be unreasonable to expect complete incrustation of the soul in less than a fortnight after the blotches appear.

"Is dancing prohibited by the Bible?"—It doesn't make the difference of a pin whether it is or not; there are none of you fellows who know how to dance.

THE Bishop of Calcutta, being all aflame with zeal for the conversion of the King of Burmah, proceeded to his Majesty's palace and solicited an interview, which was readily conceded. The Bishop of Calcutta did not convert the King of Burmah, and the reason of it was this: The royal Burman required the eminent prelate to observe court etiquette, and conduct the conversion squatting crossed-legged upon the floor. The Eminent protested, but in vain: Burmese dignity must be maintained, and the Eminent was compelled to accede. It is needless to say that the Spirit would not descend upon a man occupying so absurd a position, and after a few stammering and incoherent remarks about the Christian Buddha

who died to save royal sinners, and some sarcastic allusion to the vanity of temporal pride, the learned divine scrambled up, shook the dust of Burmah from his robes, and departed for Calcutta, in a state of ineffable displeasure. The Bishop of Calcutta has not converted any kings lately; he says the average heathen monarch is a wicked and a stiff-necked generation.

THE degraded editor of a secular journal insults the clergy with the following ridiculous farrago:

"My first is an impostor; my second is compounded of divers deceits; my third is, if possible, worse than my second; my fourth is wholly given over to gluttony; my fifth is an owl; my sixth is an ass, my seventh a pig."

Before wasting the time given for preparation for another and a better world in profitless guesses at this foolish charade, it would be as well to ascertain if any bishop really wrote it.

THE *Gospel Herald* published a long article on "How Musk-rats Swim Under the Ice." We mildly protest against the religious papers treating these momentous questions, for it invests them with a peculiar sanctity, and ever thereafter the secular press must abstain from their discussion, to the unspeakable detriment of every public interest.

A SCIENTIFIC religionist has advanced the theory that the soul remains dormant in the body after death, and only leaves it when the last particle is decayed. Our own theory is that it begins to leave as soon as decay sets in, and continues to remove by easy stages during the entire process of dissolution. Its departure is quite imperceptible to the eye, but quite apparent to the nose.

SOME CLERICAL author condemns a recent writer who thinks the Apostle Paul had not a "full, rounded conception of the finer and more superlative qualities of woman." We have always thought Paul was a trifle daft after that sunstroke, and had no "full, rounded conceptions" of any kind. But if there was anything he did know it was woman.

A BOOK of riddles, entitled *The Calvary Catechism*, asks: "What are you made in baptism?"—Made disagreeably wet, we presume.

THE Methodist Church people of San Francisco erected a fine Mission Institute for the instruction of the Chinese in sentimental Christianity. Nearly every prominent pagan Chinese

subscribed something toward the good work, under the impression that the holy man soliciting aid was a tax-collector. One, however, appears to have had correct ideas on the subject, and upon being applied to for a contribution, refused, and penned the following terse and pointed letter to us :—

"YOU BOSS 'MELICAN : You tell um me no likee Clistianitee ; him too muchee bustee my crust. Me no sabbe 'Melican man's Joss—allee same as no Joss. Him no here, no there ; Jewee him killee 'cause he no buy closee. 'Melican man him buildee big Joss-house, but got no Joss to put in um. He likee me pay two—four—six dolla, and him gimme no Joss ; but him little boy blake my neckee with blickbat allee same. Me no sabbee Clistian Joss-pidgin—no like um.—YOW CHOW."

It is quite evident from his singular theory of the crucifixion that the worthy Yow Chow did *not* comprehend Christian "Joss-pidgin" (God-business), but we rather suspect he had got an inkling of its spirit.

THE Young Men's Christian Association gave a social party. Let us revive the pathetic conundrum relative to a similar entertainment given by Hans Breitmann : "Vere ish dat party now ?" It is gone—gone for ever : passed like a beautiful dream about a dog chasing a jackass rabbit ! O blessed, bald-headed Young Christianers ! let this be a lesson unto you. Think of it—only

lately ye revelled with the Hannahs and Rachels of your species in the maddening mazes of collective prayer; ye perpetrated blissful excesses upon gum-drops and the intoxicating ginger-beer; your halls rang with the wild melodies of Psalmody! The Spirit of Early Piety looked down approvingly upon the sea of naked pates which were all her handiwork, and fair Economy smiled upon the festival of her own devising. All was joyous as the peal of a funeral bell, and inspiring as that of a sucked orange.

Now let us ask you, in all Christian candour—Has that party lasted? Alas! it has *not*. O reflect, brethren, upon the vanity of all temporal thingamies, the evanescence of terrestrial dingbats, and the do-funny of jigamarig whatyoucallems!

A RELIGIOUS work says that Christ should be held up as an example to the Church. We have somewhere read that he was once held up very conspicuously as an example to the Church. That was eighteen hundred years ago, and the Church has not imitated him yet. We don't think it is of any use to put him up again.

THE Chinese convicts at the San Quentin prison are supplied with their regular preaching.

We suggest the propriety of employing ritual-

istic auxiliaries, modified to suit Mongolian ideas. Censers exhaling fumes of opium would be attractive, and a few burning Joss-sticks would pleasantly remind these barbarians of the solemnities to which they have been accustomed in their own temples. A bunch of fire-crackers suspended to the pastor's coat-tail, and ingeniously arranged to emphasize the discourse with sacred explosions, would add a pleasing excitement to the services, and infuse an originality into the gestures which could not fail to make conversion follow upon the heels of conviction.

THE choir of a certain church in Maine has been discontinued. The singers refused to sing unless people would stop bringing their dogs to meeting. They claimed that these animals were nearly always out of tune, and it disconcerted them. The congregation, however, persisted in regarding this hostility to the dogs as only a manifestation of the professional jealousy always existing between artists of different schools: and not only would they not leave their own private dogs at home, but they made friends of dogs-at-large, and brought them along, too. It would be impertinent in a layman to pass comments upon the merits of this controversy.

THE negro Baptists of Marysville, California, had a church quarrel, and many broken heads were the result of the misunderstanding.

Our coloured co-religionists worship not wisely but too well. But we cannot expect a race who for centuries have worn the bondsman's chain to adopt at one fell swoop the Christian forbearance of a high civilization, and instead of abrading the fraternal scalp content themselves with mild reprisals upon the fraternal pocket. Their uncultivated intellect falls naturally into the barbaric vice of contusion; to educate them up to a state of pious cheating is the work before us. Let us, O brethren, buckle down to it prayerfully, and with a steadfast faith that the seed of our example will not fall upon stony soil.

IT seems that certain people have a singular superstition, to the effect that if a babe afflicted with—or afflicting—the whooping cough, shall kiss the back of a jackass, it—or the whooping cough—will experience immediate relief. If the disease and the superstition shall ever walk hand in hand through San Francisco, the editor of the *Pacific Churchman* will have a golden opportunity to receive many a chaste salute.

THERE are men so constituted that nothing milder than a kick will ever convince them of the absurdity of living in sin, when death may trip up their heels and snatch them to eternal dashnation any moment. Upon the steely hearts

of such, the following jovial appeal of a religious weekly will fall like the tap of a woodpecker's beak upon an anvil:

"Turn, then, from the wrath of an outraged heaven; leave off the shabby rags of iniquity and put on the sweet-scented robes of a new life; stop lying; sell all thou hast and give it to the poor; don't blaspheme, nor chew tobacco."

We mean to try this singular experiment. If we do not like it we can always turn again to the wrath of an outraged heaven; throw off the sweet-scented robes of the new life, resuming the shabby rags of iniquity; begin lying again; take back our property from the poor, blaspheme, chew tobacco, and slander the editor who misled us.

A CLERGYMAN says: "There is something lacking in the intellectual or moral organization of the man who lies down at night without saying a prayer." Ah! at last the parson and the philosopher meet upon common ground, and clasp hands with a mutual respect. For we, also, plead guilty to an holy detestation and contempt for the man who can go to sleep at night without thanking God for not killing him since breakfast.

SUNDAY Schools for the Chinese have been established in various parts of the State. Inside, the Chinamen master the theory of Chris-

tianity by means of the New Testament; outside, they are made acquainted with its practice through the agency of loose building material. For Christianising the heathen, the Bible and the Brick-bat go hand in hand.

THE report that the Pope has declined a throne of gold that somebody was good enough to present to him, is of the kind of reports that are to be eagerly believed. It is like him. If we had been blindfolded and asked, "Who declined a golden throne?" we should have unhesitatingly replied, "The Pope!"

SCIENCE, it is claimed, is steadily sapping religion. A striking illustration is afforded by the case of a Louisville dog, whose owner, by a long course of patient, scientific instruction, has taught this cur to blaspheme horribly. These two dogs will overthrow religion if they are spared.

THE MODEL REPORTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1869-71.

ON Tuesday evening last the Academy of Sciences condensed as usual. Professor Fieldsquash took the chair, and all the rest a drink each. Dr. Schwackenheimer, of the Imperial Academy at Ausgespeilhausen, was elected an active life member, and assigned to the duty of collecting contributions of red herrings from the poor, for the advancement of science. Professor Thumbscrew read an interesting paper upon ditch-fish, and their relation to the potato rot in sheep. The Professor's impression is, that this disease is purely pathological and indigenous. It therefore is. Dr. Mudcrust presented specimens of the *psora* beautifully developed, and enlivened the proceedings with a scientific performance upon the Gaelic violin. A letter was received from Our Reporter, declining to become a member of the Academy. It was stated by an insolent Academer that no one had asked him to, which was true, but unscientific. The letter was referred to the Committee on Snakes. Dr. Cobweb said that a friend of his had forwarded a nest of bald-headed hornets, which he would now open and—whereupon Dr. Cobweb was promptly knocked down. The Secretary begged

to introduce the learned Dr. Spiggotwringer, of the Tierra del Fuegan Academy of Common Sense. The request was unanimously refused, and loud calls were made for some new variety of oyster. As if by magic, but really by collusion, Mr. Muckwallow pulled out one, which he said differed from all known varieties, in that it was a univalve. It turned out to be the old thing—an oyster on the half shell. Dr. Doughnuteater was of opinion that more attention should be given to the study of the genesis of toads, and how they managed to avoid the pollywog state. Professor Treaclecheek thought that the pollywog condition was a sort of purgatory from which toads were exempt on account of their blameless lives. He was drawn off the stand by Prof. Pinvision, who contended that toads were really frogs, and *vice versâ;* the popular nomenclature being one of those vulgar transpositions for which the unscientific are notorious—nay, infamous!

After some desultory cracking of nuts, it was moved that the Academy adjourn. The motion being lost, a member was sent out to see if there was anything worthy of attention in the moon. He returned in an hour, and reported that the moon was just setting. Dr. Beefnoddle wished to know if any one present had investigated the almanac; it was his opinion that the moon was at least fifteen minutes ahead of time. This proving to be the fact, it was unanimously resolved that the moon was not setting. Perceiving that it was, Dr.

Leatherbelly gave notice that at the next meeting he should move a reconsideration of the vote. The reporters of the press, having their note-books filled, declared the meeting adjourned till the next eclipse. At that time there will be an interesting debate upon the red corpuscles in snail-slime, and what in thunder they are doing there.

TWO elegant desks of Spanish mahogany have been made in this city for the Speaker of the Assembly and the President of the Senate. We have seen one of these desks, and pronounce it good. It possesses several novel and ingenious features, peculiarly adapted to the needs of American statesmanship. In the centre of its upper surface is set a silver spittoon, underneath which, in letters of gold, is the appropriate legend, "Spit Here." On the right hand upper corner is a beautiful bracket of bronze, with the touching motto, in very German text, "Put Your Feet Here." On the left is a shallow drawer, lined with crimson velvet, to contain a bottle ; a corresponding one at the right is intended for a revolver. The inkstand is of heavy iron, and is attached to the desk by a strong lariat, long enough to reach the most remote member in the hall. Nothing can exceed the beauty of design and the excellence of the workmanship of these two desks. They cost the State eight thousand dollars, and the maker one thousand.

A YOUNG New York girl has committed suicide because her parents were about to remove to Chicago. Had she left a note behind her, it would have read like this: "*Dear Mother:*—I have listened patiently and impartially to all that Father has advanced relative to the attractions of the place to which he proposes taking me. I have seen our pastor and have candidly considered all that he has urged in disparagement of h—. Mother, dear, your daughter has decided to take her chances for happiness in the latter mentioned village."

A REMARKABLE instance of self-possession: The editor of the Vallejo *Chronicle* owns a mule.

AT Woodward's Gardens there are on exhibition some Fijian cannibals—savage, black-looking fellows, who sing their native war-songs with a strong Jewish accent that curdles the blood of the auditor with mortal terror. It is positively alarming to observe the carelessness with which people expose their clean, fat young within easy reach of these reckless anthropophagi. The other day we noticed a gentleman who not only permitted his little man-child to play about their feet, but even encouraged him in this dangerous familiarity. He appeared to think himself unob-

served, and if we could have imagined a motive, we should have thought he was trying to see how much temptation the average cannibal will stand. He not only threw bon-bons among them and tempted the child to creep after the unaccustomed sweets, but once or twice, when, with an instinctive sense of danger, it started to retreat, he cautiously reached out his foot, and pushing the innocent back, turned away and became all at once profoundly absorbed in the study of a crucified beetle on the wall.

We don't know why these cannibals did not eat that baby, but they did not. They looked, however, as if they would like to sell the inhuman father a suit of cheap clothing, and we think the unnatural villain deserved that they should.

THE iridescent gleam upon the stagnant surface of a goose puddle is endurable, and the smirk of conceit upon the face of a simpleton may be tolerated ; but everlasting levity with want of wit—eternal simper without saving sense—flippancy playing like the wavering flashes of "heat-lightning" above the unfretted bosom of sluggish ignorance—these are exasperating! these make the fingers itch to perpetrate a crime in hair, and the teeth tingle to execute an iniquity in flesh! We conscientiously read the editorial matter of the Religious Press every day, and (so deal with us, good Satan, as we now shall speak!) not once

a week do we find the faintest trace of humour, or the smallest outcropping of sense. Talk about the vernal gambols of a fat steer, the prance of a bunion-troubled hippopotamus, the airy wheel of a soaring gander, the ripple and toss of a sea of mud! Compared with the editorial gymnastics of the religious press, these are grace, and spirit, and vivacity combined. We appeal to St. Peter and the angels, if it be not time to stop this? For heaven's sake, if these editors have sense, permit them to talk it, for wit they have not, and humour they know not by name! Their babble is a weariness to the flesh, and a heaviness to the spirit. It is the husky cackle of asthmatic hen—the sibilant chatter of ailing baboon—the aimless jabber of demented magpie!

THE other day Mr. Swipes found a sack of coin. He pounced upon it with avidity, he devoured it with glad and eager eyes, he silently thanked God for lifting him from penury to affluence! Then, with a calm, unruffled composure of soul, and a psalm of gratitude in his heart, he opened the bag. Seven dollars in copper cents! Mr. Swipes counted them over, and then with a sigh replaced them in the bag and tied the string with unnecessary deliberation. Then he turned his eyes down hill and thought. He thought long and carefully. Quoth Swipes at last unto himself: "I think I'll return this thing to the owner."

Swipes did it, and lo! the newspapers raised the song of praise. Blessed, thrice blessed, holy above all things and unspeakably splendid is the man to whom seven dollars in copper cents is no temptation! For the same shall be accounted a god, and shall have beeves, and spring lambs, and mining stocks, and much wine, a skating-ring, and a canal-boat, all the days that he lives in the land, and they shall be many. And men shall say to him: Let us go take a drink, for the deed that thou hast done, behold! it is an honest deed, and thou art worthy to treat. Then our wicked Reporter shall be consumed with envy, and shall stand afar off and throw dirt, saying: . . .

A CLEVER person has devised an implement for drawing on boots. This is misdirected ingenuity: when one has occasion to don his boots he is usually sober and in the full enjoyment of his morning faculties, and can manage to worm himself into his leathers without the aid of labour-saving machinery; it is when he essays to take them off that he stands in need of succour from the outside. Let our inventor turn his talent in this direction: every one has long felt the need of some more adequate contrivance than the two now in use, namely: the indolent boot-jack and the awkward wife.

A RESPECTED correspondent—we may as well explain that the respected correspondent is the proprietor of this paper—thinks a paragraph in last week's issue was a little "stiff." The paragraph alluded to was one concerning a lunatic who fancied herself the Virgin Mary. Now, we pride ourself upon that paragraph; we stake our literary reputation upon it. In the words of the graphic advertiser, we "challenge comparison" between that paragraph and any other paragraph. We claim that the idea is original, the diction forcible, the syntax faultless, the orthography unexceptionable, the capitalization intelligently devised, and the punctuation elegant and captivating. We do not see anything about it that may justly be called "stiff;" on the contrary, there seem to be a graceful pliancy and elasticity in the style of that paragraph.

If our correspondent merely means that it is coarse, profane, and outrageous, we will cheerfully confess that he is probably right. Upon re-reading it, we are convinced that he *is* right. Our correspondent will find no qualities of a similar character in our future work; we are partial to that style of merit, but will make a sacrifice to oblige a friend.

A FEW days since, a little boy twelve years old had his arm broken while playing in the streets. Previously to this he had been run over

twice ; getting his skull fractured and his shoulder-blade broken the first time, and a leg and arm broken the second. Still later he had his arm broken again, and afterwards had the small-pox. We think we detect in this a temperate willingness upon the part of Him who doeth all things well to get rid of this boy. _____

THE following simple rules for the government of hospitals are respectfully submitted: Every patient, on admission, shall deliver to the first man he meets his watch, hat, purse, and boots, together with such articles as he may have stolen from the man who brought him in. No smoking will be allowed in the hospital, and the patient who thinks he can do it had better try it! Patients who blaspheme while undergoing surgical operations will not survive. Every patient is to regard it as a privilege to do hard labour about the premises. Hugging the coal-scuttle is immoral, and will be severely frowned down. All patients are expected to take an annual bath. The oath of allegiance is required of every man upon being admitted ; a brevet commission in the army will not be accepted as proof of loyalty. Patients disregarding the above regulations will be shot.

SENATOR CASSERLY has been at it again. He made a speech to the Tammany Society of New York on the 4th of July, compared with

which all his previous efforts were as but the growl of a sick spaniel to the concerted roar of all the bulls of Bashan. He spread his waxen pinions and soared aloft into the empyrean of the sublime, was unwinged by the heat of his own imagination, and at the close dropped limp and fluttering into the pool of the abjectly ridiculous. Of course his oration was directed against the Chinaman, whose most menial vocation hath in it more of human benefit than Casserly's most exalted efforts in the cause of Casserly. Upon the same day, and probably at the same hour, Mr. Casserly's law partner delivered an oration in this city of a quite contrary tendency.

If by a mighty flight of imagination we could conceive Mr. Casserly's partner praying, we should suppose his supplication would be like this: "O Lord, I frankly confess I have been a most wicked sinner, and that I rather like to be; but, O Lord, what the devil have I done to deserve this? I pray thee, good Lord, to suppress the Hon. Eugene, for lo! he is gone clean daft. Thou God, seest him, and the spectacle he maketh of himself and me. O Lord, deliver me from the body of this death,—come, that's a good fellow. Amen."

CHANG WOO GOW, the celebrated Chinese giant, has arrived in this city. The Celtic mind is occupied with abstruse calculations as to the amount of brick-work that can be erected upon

the surface of his body, the number of knives that may be inserted in his swelling abdomen, and the quantity of bull-pups required for leeching him.

THE man who infests the Libraries and reads the newspaper over your shoulder, or while you are perusing one side of it centers his soul upon the other, has been heard to remark that he regards a table-knife as the appointed Instrument of Providence (the man is pious) for the transportation of peas from plate to palate. He is known also to favour a condition of underclothing quite at variance with his cleanly exterior. He is so unfamiliar with a certain article of toilet utility that he spells it "sope." His hair he prefers pasted horizontally across his forehead, and redolent of animal fat. An amiable weakness for socks with holes in them takes the place in his life of some nobler affection.

PERHAPS Our Reporter has a better mouth for potatoes than an ear for music, but he cannot help remarking that the Great Musical Festival did not pass off as quietly, all things considered, as many smaller affairs it has been his misfortune to get roped into. There seemed to be actually no effort on the part of the management to preserve silence; there wasn't a moment during those three terrible days that you could have heard

the spanking of an infant. There were several severe shocks of earthquake every afternoon, and people sat still and said "big drum." Three powder-mills and a half-dozen abandoned steam-engines exploded at once, and everybody winked approvingly at his neighbour, and nodded, saying, "cannon obligato." This stupidity so wrought upon Our Reporter that he procured a gong, and going into a house where some people were sitting up with the corpse of a child, proceeded to beat it —the gong—with a joint of stove-pipe. The bereaved mother smiled sweetly, and remarked, "monster brass band." This was vexing; and procuring a fire-shovel he went straight up to the head of the family—a very bald one—and executed upon it a brace of thwacks that brought the venerable to his knees. "All right," said he, with the look of a cherub, "anvil chorus." There was no use trying; people had got their minds set to music, and if Professor Gabriel had started them out of their boots with a blast upon his French horn, they would only have demanded an *encore*.

WE copy the following entries from the records of the Young Men's Christian Association:

"Dec. 11, 1868. Introduced: H. Grenville Grey, M.A. An educated M.D., Flag Officer of the U.S. Navy; speaks fifteen languages, and is worth one hundred thousand dollars. Letters in twelve lan-

guages to Dr. Lathrop, Dr. Scudder, Dr. Wasdworth, and Father Eagan. One of the Lord's anointed. Admitted to full communion with the ewe lambs.

Dec. 12, 1868. Dr. Grey went home with the Rev. Lathrop and borrowed forty dollars. Kissed the cook. Speaks only ten languages. Fear he is a vessel of wrath.

Dec. 13, 1868. Mr. Grey has taken up objectionable collections from the various members. Speaks considerably fewer languages than he has names. Hugged sister Rachel B. The Lord forgive him! He's a dead beat.

Dec. 14, 1868. That scoundrel Grey has been stealing right and left, and has contributed nothing to the Association. Speaks but one language.

IT is sweet to have a "baby in the house." While we utterly reject and contemn the platitudes about their pointing us the road to heaven, and keeping our toes directed that way, we must admit that when clean, and fresh, and sweet as new-mown hay, they are nice to have about. They are excellent to soothe one's ruffled temper, for you may relieve your feelings by pinching them, and they can't tell. Wherefore we rejoice that our friend, Gruber, now experienceth this felicity. For a cherub hath perched upon his hearthstone, and toasteth its thin shins at his fender. It is a "man child." Exquisite irony!

THE newest and sweetest thing in suicides is to go out to the sepulchre of your boy, who was slain by a tumbling edifice, and tipple strychnine out of a clam-shell. To Mr. Lewis Beach the public is indebted for this beautiful conception, and to this beautiful conception the devil is indebted for a nice, fresh roast. But it appears Mr. Beach was annoyed during his last moments by an officious "plumber and pump-maker," who insisted on getting him away to a doctor. We should like to know if this kind of intrusion is to be encouraged —if plumbers and pump-makers are to be permitted to go about worrying the brief remnant of life out of gentlemen who have drunk strychnine out of clam-shells? When Our Reporter shall elect to wreak justice upon his creditors by suicide, if any plumber and pump-maker shall come bothering about, monopolizing the time that should be sacred to prayer, he will get cut above the eye with the clam-shell employed upon that solemn occasion.

At such a time, when earth with all its nonsense is sliding away from the soles of our feet—when heaven is opening gloriously overhead—when angels are reaching down to take a twist in our hair—when invisible cherubim are taking our measure for a pair of wings—at such a time we can tolerate anything but a plumber and pump-maker! Him we cannot and will not endure.

A YOUNG man while skating on Lake Champlain broke through the ice and came near drowning. He was finally rescued by a young woman, who made a rope by tearing up her clothes, and with it snaked him out. Of course he afterwards married her. Had he not lost his presence of mind he might have saved himself by drowning.

IN the arrest for drunkenness of Mary Ann Cunningham, of New York, aged 100 years, rum-drinkers are favoured with a most impressive warning. Alcohol—vile alcohol—for what human ill is it not responsible? It incites to crime, deadens the natural affections, blunts the moral sense, and shortens life! Poor Mary Ann Cunningham! You have entered upon the downward path, your steps take hold upon perdition, and your career will be as evanescent as a fleeting brickbat, which flutters fitfully athwart the night and plunges feebly into the gloom of a dark alley after a vanishing dog! Renounce, O renounce the flowing bowl, ere thy sinews are unstrung, thy bones embrittled, and thy head dismantled of its thatch! Fling whisky to the dogs, and leave the guzzling pig to revel in his rum. Drink gin!

A GENTLEMAN has invented a beautiful toy for the holidays. It is intended for boys of tender years who have a passion for blowing tin

horns in the public streets, in honour of the Prince of Peace. The toy is to all appearance a horn, but has cunningly concealed within a long thin dagger, with the point towards the mouthpiece. This dagger is operated by a stiff spiral spring, and when set for use is wholly invisible. But no sooner is a blast perpetrated upon the horn than the dagger is released and springs out like a shot through the neck of the operator, impaling him like a speared fish. It is easily withdrawn from the corpse, and may be used any number of times. The inventor has tested this toy in his own family with the most satisfactory results, and feels that he can honestly commend it to the public. He calls it the Æolic Needle-Gun.

He is perfecting another invention, similar in its aim and scope, which he will call the Molar Mitrailleuse. This is a kind of parasol, for young ladies addicted to the vice of biting the handles of those useful articles. Its name is sufficiently descriptive of its operation.

SOMEBODY has compounded another explosive agent, the power of which, compared with that of nitro-glycerine, is as the stroke of a trip-hammer to the tap of a woodpecker with an affection of the spine. It is so much more potent than dynamite that one may sit astride a keg of the latter and explode it with perfect safety; and as for ordinary blasting-powder, that is used as fuel.

If the inventive genius of the age be not speedily diverted from its present direction, we shall soon have an exploder that can only be used in certain islands in mid-ocean, and which will have to be set off by a fuse that shall allow the operator six months to get out of the way. We shall then have the spectacle of a man sneaking carefully up to his work, lighting his fuse, and dodging behind the world!

THE other day a tender parent was discovered calmly and intently smothering his boy in the mud of Mission Bay, as a punishment for swearing. He would chuck the boy in and hold him under, with his own eyes fixed upon a watch, and at the expiration of fifteen seconds would lift him out, gaze into his face with unspeakable affection, and then go it again. In this way he whiled away the tedious hours of a long afternoon. When the level rays of the setting sun gilded the backs of the barnacles which clustered about the piles of Long Bridge, and shot long lances of light through the knot-holes in the railing, this tender parent's bowels of compassion were moved with pity for his erring offspring; nature got the better of justice, and further punishment was postponed on account of the lateness of the hour. But the child had long since ceased to be amenable to human discipline, and had gone for the remainder of his deserts to a court of more unflagging jurisdiction.

A COLOURED woman has applied to have her name enrolled as a voter. It is painful to record this; it is a grievous disappointment to know that it is true, and a humiliation to confess it. We had fondly hoped our sable sisters were not infected with this mental malady. Ugh! we begin to suspect that black women are no better than white.

SOME German naturalist has written a book to prove man's descent from the hog. We do not believe in any such retrogression; the hog is a lineal descendant of man. And he's an honour to his parent.

"A BRIDE" will please observe that there is no room in this department of the paper for her "little joke on hubby." If she will furnish us with his name and address we shall be happy to build a joke at his expense that will make him writhe more earnestly than hers would, and at the same time be intelligible to our readers. We don't believe in encouraging brides to go after their "hubbies" in this remorseless way anyhow; at least not within a week after marriage. Besides, we do not hold that the peculiar formation of "hubby's" legs and the grotesque rotundity of his stomach are legitimate objects for satire from one who has acquired a knowledge of these peculiarities only through the confiding simplicity of the person whom

they embellish. We trust this will be a sufficient answer to our fair contributor; if not, let her call at this office and we will box her ears.

THE gentleman who reads the newspapers not wisely but too well—who squares his daily conduct by their published rules—who carefully cuts out and faithfully tests their recipes for eating, drinking, sleeping and exercise—has come to town. As soon as a dozen more like him arrive, they will all stand together in the Plaza at high noon, and see if they can collectively cast a discernible shadow.

A CONTEMPORARY says that every family living in the vicinity of water should keep a Newfoundland dog. We have tried it, and assure our readers that more pernicious advice could not be given. We always had to tie up our dog whenever we went to bathe in the river; and on one occasion the noble animal even broke into the bath-room of the house, and triumphantly dragged a lady out of the tub by the back hair. The brave fellow was always carrying our youngest child to an adjacent horse pond, and flinging her in for the purpose of saving her as she was going down for the last time. One day a slight error in calculation resulted in a funeral, at which Carlo did not live to assist.

"THE climate of Mount Washington, this winter," says an Eastern journal, "is very mild. That is why so many people *climb it!*"

We pity the author of this jest. It is probable that he invented his witticism early last spring—there is a flavour of early spring about it—and has been carefully guarding it ever since, until it should be in season. We can imagine the poor fellow's anxiety, lest he should die meantime, or get drunk and tell it, or talk it in his sleep! What must have been his feelings, walking about the world with that dreadful secret locked up in his bosom—watching with eager anxiety the face of every friend to see if perchance he suspected it, and tortured with the fear that some one else might give premature birth to it, independently of him! How carefully he must have chosen his words to avert suspicion, how sedulously avoided all allusions to mountains, climate and climbing, lest some one should pick up his idea and trumpet it about as a conception of his own.

Ladies, gentlemen, old women, and children, you think perhaps that the life of a wit is all sunshine, and larking in the meadows, and walking glorified on sunset hills, and reclining on the mossy banks of still streamlets, and the like of that. You never were greater fools in your lives.

A POLICEMAN has been presented with a new gold badge of office. If this come to the

notice of the dangerous classes, some of them will get away with that badge. Religious journals, please don't allude to it.

A SUGAR-HEARTED young person at White Pine, hearing that his sweetheart had determined to favour some other man with the miseries originally intended for himself, went out and cast himself down a thirty-foot shaft. Some miners passing soon after, looked in, saw the body scrambling painfully up the side, and kindly restored it to the upper world. The body would be glad to learn the name and address of some young woman worth an abraded head, a shattered shin, and a brace of legs that won't work. This battered corpse is of the impression that a girl of that character does not exist. That is precisely our impression.

THE Hartford *Courant* claims that "next to the ministry of the Christian religion there is no nobler profession than that of the politician." Our contemporary forgets the exalted pursuit of stealing worms from a blind hen.

FOLLOWING is a verbatim report of Judge Sawyer's oration yesterday upon the anniversary of American Independence :

"*Fellow Citizens and American Eagles*,—When Freedom from her mountain height unfurled the *Mayflower*, the despotism of tottering Europe hid their diminished heads under a bushel of chaff. Then the bright arch of Liberty spanned the wondering nations with civil and religious toleration, and the Palladium of our proud nationality spread her wide wings in the blaze of free republican institutions. There never was—no, fellow citizens, there never will be—I say it without the fear of successful contradiction, and unabashed before the despotisms of effete Europe—there never will be, fellow citizens—never, I swear it, never, never! Let us, O patriotic citizens—let us soar aloft into the blue empyrean of universal emancipation, and swear we will never sheath the sword until the blessings of civil and religious liberty shall—fellow citizens—shall—yes, *shall* totter to their fall."

At this burst of eloquence, the orator's emotion mastered him, and he was taken away. The stars on a neighbouring banner winked mysteriously, the stripes curled into a distracting snarl, a gilded eagle in the audience solemnly snapped his beak, and laid a porcelain egg. Should the judge die, the nation will go into cheap mourning.

WE have "interviewed" the immortal part of Joseph Johnson, of Antioch, and take pleasure in making known his decision, that if ever again encased in clay, he will rigorously abstain

from striking at a rabbit with the butt end of a loaded gun. We think Joseph is right: a smashed rabbit is but poor compensation for the loss of a fine muscular body.

THAT dreadful sneezer has again made his bow to the public from an interior village. This time he "let us off easy:" only broke a rib. He usually smashes his back, or tears up a lung, or ruptures his diaphragm as a mainsail is split by a norther. He always manages it so that there shall be about six months between his paroxysms. This gives us time to forget the last and most painful one; and just as the popular mind has regained its tranquillity, and is slumbering dreamily in the hum of some soothing turmoil, such as a European war, all unconscious of impending danger, the wretch lets off a sneeze that comes echoing out of the mountains like the discharge of a park of artillery, and we know he's hurt himself again. We have a troubled consciousness that he has broken a leg, or pulled apart some important artery, and will die—which he invariably does not. The newspaper which has the good fortune to be published in his town chronicles the event with a flourish of rams'-horns, and describes the injury he has done himself with the minute anatomical accuracy of Homer dissecting one of his Argives.

It is impossible that this great Occidental Sternutatorian can now have a whole bone in his body.

We ardently hope his next spasm may fling his head into the middle of the Millennium.

A LITTLE girl—a mere slip of eleven years—has been arrested in the city of New York for spilling a can of coal-oil. It seems hard that one of such tender years and gentle gender should be deprived of her liberty for so trifling an offence; and it is probable that had the precious fluid been poured anywhere else than on a bed in which her feeble old grandmother was reposing, and had the little innocent not held a bunch of matches in her dimpled hand, the minions of the law would have overlooked her awkwardness and dismissed her with a reprimand. But even the most trivial circumstance may be construed as evidence of an intention to grow up and take sides against the Democratic party.

THERE has been an earthquake in Contra Costa county. It was a feeble young thing, that got lost amongst the hills last season. Two members of the Academy of Sciences happened to pass that way, beetle-hunting, and seeing it lying asleep, got hold of its tail and disputed for the possession of it; each wanted it to illustrate his particular theory. Their spirited contention awoke the slumbering *temblor*, which, finding itself in the hands of the Philistines, gently wagged its

tail, prostrating its (and our) tormentors like a stroke of paralysis. It is not probable they will write any more about earthquakes, now that they know something of them; so it is almost as well as if they had been killed.

THE editor of the San José *Mercury* has been visited by a burglar and robbed of a boot, and he curses that burglar. He ought to rejoice that this predatory nomad has provided himself with a home.

ON Saturday last two brothers named Harris fell to differing in opinion, and one killed the other. We do not clearly know why we relate this incident; it is neither inspiring nor original. Messrs. Cain and Abel enacted the same down at Adam's Ranche, near the Euphrates, some years ago, Mr. Cain spoiling the head of the other gentleman with a stick of firewood, delivering himself up to the authorities, and getting off with a reprimand. He afterwards married his sister, and died at a ripe old age, lamented by all who knew him. He was a dutiful son, a tender husband and father, and an ornament to society. We extend our sympathy to his large circle of bereaved relatives, trusting they may derive comfort in their deep affliction from the contemplation of his useful public career, and from the imitation of his private virtues.

THERE is a question as to whether Kershaw's Island is an island. If so, it belongs to the Government; if not, it is private property. It has been promptly occupied by a detachment of infantry. It is therefore an island. This may be called a Government syllogism.

THERE is a gentleman in this city who has a horse so marvellously thin that he has to get him against a white board fence to tell what colour he is. This spirit-like steed he drives in a vehicle so curiously constructed that he never knows when it is right side up until he has ridden a few miles and noted whether or no he has a broken leg. The gentleman himself is something of a curiosity. His head is considerably less in diameter than his neck, his arms bend the wrong way, and when he is standing at the street-corner with his feet together you might fling a wash-tub between his legs without waking him. We have made several fruitless attempts to ascertain his name and vocation, and the nationality of his father-in-law's ancestors, but to no purpose; he continues to afflict our sight without having any apparent *raison d'être*. Why not kill him? Seriously.

AN Indian was killed the other day on the San José railroad by the cow-catcher of the

engine tearing the top of his head off. A savage of our acquaintance hearing of the accident remarked: "Ugh! Paleface git evum on Injun. Steam scalp-'em knife, ugh!"—and the dusky representative of a perishing race shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked across the western wave at the setting sun with an expression of sentimental acquiescence, acquired by long practice in allegorical engravings.

CALIFORNIA has not only the finest climate in the world, sir, and the biggest trees above ground, but she boasts the most elastic babies in creation. One of these compressible innocents fell off a balcony twenty-five feet in height yesterday, and, striking on a stone sidewalk, was caught on the second bound by a gentleman passing that way. Upon receiving her darling, the mother anxiously remarked that she feared the careless thing would get hurt some day at that business. We trust not.

ANOTHER woman has got old enough to begin to remember George Washington. She says he was a large, white-looking old gentleman, with a great tenderness for children. He used to frequently take her upon his knee, fold her smoothly down across it, and spank her like fun. We esteem the reminiscence a flicker of the old beldame's expiring vanity.

A ROLL containing one thousand dollars in gold coin has been paid over the counter of Wells, Fargo, and Co.'s Express Office, in mistake for a forty-dollar roll of silver. This raises a curious question of law: if the man to whom it was paid shall break his neck hastening to the office to have the mistake rectified, can the careless clerk be adjudged guilty of manslaughter?

SOMEBODY has perpetrated a very puerile and shallow crime. A barrel has been found containing the melancholy remains of an infant, bearing external evidence of having been nipped in the bud by the choking process. It is difficult to realize that any parents, who have arrived at the years of discretion, can have been guilty of so stupid an act. Humanity shudders at the appalling thoughtlessness of so silly a device. The choking was all right enough; that is the recognised and usual way; but to barrel up that dead innocent and leave it at the street corner when nature has provided a magnificent bay capable of floating all the navies and babies in the world, is foolish to the verge of idiocy. We trust there are few parents in this practical city who will follow the example of these misguided people; their plan is only adapted to the needs of the interior towns, and is absurd in a city surrounded on three sides by water.

IT won't do to credit the church people with all the faith that is extant. We know a most wicked sinner who, when his mother-in-law fell into a vat of mash, in a distillery, threw her a rope with the pious exclamation, "The Lord will succour!" The Lord would have succoured if the gentleman had not immediately flung away his own end of the rope. However, his too perfect faith was not suffered to go unrewarded. The lady was drowned.

A CORRESPONDENT of a literary weekly would like to know if it is proper to gnaw green corn from the cob? That depends upon whether he is a pig or a cow; it is proper for a pig, but not for a cow, because she can't. It is not proper for mankind, but is permitted for this reason: If you shave off the corn with a knife you cannot get it all off; it is gnawed off so that the cobs may be given to the poor.

HERE is a man who did not wish to throw away his life, but was willing to die if die he must. He happened to be shrined in a jail-cell for bigamy, and being unable to obtain any other exterminator, he swallowed a bottle of hair-dye. He then smashed the bottle and feasted calmly upon the pieces, crushing them into powder with his teeth and compounding an appetizing paste of glass, saliva, and blood. For dessert he despoiled

his apparel of its pins, and swallowed these. He was about to tackle a handful of nails he had pulled out of his boot-heels, when somebody interfered; and at last accounts he lay at death's door, but could not get through because he was too much swollen. *Don't* let him die, please: we wish to see how he will manage those boot-nails next time.

WE note considerable anxiety upon the part of the people to know what sort of questions are likely to be put to them by the Census taker, that they may be prepared with intelligent falsehoods in reply. Following are the more important ones:

What is your age? How do you know? Do you prefer it plain or with sugar and a bit of lemon? Is this your child? Sure of that? How often have you been shot? What were the names of the women? What form of religion do you find best adapted to your business? Explain your wife's antipathy to handsome women. Have you any name? Where do you keep your plate and jewels? Any dog?

AN up-country contemporary anxiously inquires, "How long will Justice sleep by the wayside?" It is impossible to say. If our neighbour wishes to get safely past he must tread lightly and take his chances.

WE have a new Russian *prima donna* with a long, flexible pedigree. It seems she is nobly descended, and was at one time a Lady of Honour. We trust she is so still. Also, upon at least one occasion, she went to Rome with a Grand Duchess—whether with her of Gerolstein or no, is immaterial. By all means give her a chance. Imagine the delight of hearing the beautiful *aria* of *Plopfskoffkizwitch okx Kapphfskniakokrgnoff Huttschuu*, rippling in liquid melody from lips that have closed upon the cold victuals of a Grand Duchess!

A YOUNG gentleman wishes to know of a literary journal what he shall do if a lady take advantage of a leap-year custom to propose marriage to him. It depends upon the nature of the proposal; if made in good faith, set your dog at her; it is a mistake to suppose a gentleman may not decline. The best thing ever done under such circumstances was what our friend Frielunch did: he accepted the woman and married her. Next day, the fact that he had another wife was urged against him, and rather than seem a scoundrel he went off and joined her.

THAT snake has got back into that woman's stomach, and is playing the precise antics of

last year. The woman must now be some centuries of age, and the snake considerably younger, for when she swallowed it the first time it was a minor. How often it has been got out of her we don't know, but it gets in again pretty regularly every spring. She is now executing her daily convulsions at Wooster, Ohio, though where she will pack that serpent next, the Lord knows.

Upon looking at the account again, in all the papers, we see that the snake has been in there for six years. Why, hang it!—and her!—this must be another woman, and another snake!

WE deeply regret to announce that a man has brought unmerited obloquy upon a Temperance Association by joining it and getting idiotically drunk twenty-four hours afterward. This is greatly to be deplored; but the test was not a fair one, and the result possesses no kind of significance. By some mistake the man was initiated just at the budding of a spree, when the bloom was on the rye, as it were; whereas the usual course is to take them in at the breaking up of a hard drunk.

WE like the Indians they raise in Fresno county; they are of a sanguinary yet discriminating turn of mind. None of your howling, tearing, and wantonly blood-letting savages,

but cool, temperate, judicial-minded aborigines, aiming to do even-handed justice by fitting each crime with a punishment nicely adjusted to the magnitude of theoffence. To illustrate:

Mr. Dougherty having reason to suspect that one of them might advantageously be dispensed with, walked up to him and discharged a pistol into his belly. The stricken aborigine clinched with his assailant, wrested the weapon from his clinging fingers, and with it pounded him upon the pate until the warlike Dougherty lay limp and peaceful along the mead, no longer zealous in his own Indian policy. Now the Red Man began to be sensible of a hurt, and suspended further punishment to await the result of his injuries. Seating himself alongside the passive Caucasian, he made a careful and critical examination of his own wound by pushing his finger into the hole. He was constrained to admit that it was mortal. Then rose that Indian with the look of one who has a high and holy duty to perform, and very little time to perform it in. He repossessed his hand of the discarded firearm, and wrought upon Mr. Dougherty a full, final, and perfect retribution. This savage then died; and in death his features wore a peaceful smile, as of one who has discharged both barrels of his duty, and been killed by the recoil.

THE newspapers are publishing a story of a man who lived a week with a knife-blade in

his brain. Perhaps he did ; but it must have been a poor, spiritless kind of existence, wholly unenjoyable and discouraging. We would almost as willingly be dead as to have knives and forks in our brain.

COMPOUND fractures of the leg from being run over by trucks are now so common that no surgeon ever goes out without his case of instruments. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon the scene along the principal streets is very novel and inspiring. At nearly every corner may be seen a surgeon, holding a maimed patient upon a saw-horse with his knee, and calmly rasping off a leg. Making the ordinary allowance for lying, this is strictly true.

THERE is a good deal of popular interest manifested in the fate of the Irishman who fell off the wharf yesterday. We were eye-witnesses to the accident, and the result is easily stated. No sooner did the unfortunate man topple into the deep than a boat pushed off to his rescue. As it neared the spot where he sank, we saw a gallant sailor, conscious that a thousand eyes were upon him, bend resolutely over the gunwale, and plunge his long arm beneath the water. At that instant there appeared upon the wharf a brace of the most comical rats ever seen. They had one another by the tip of the tail, and were waltzing

across the planks in the most amusing conceivable manner. There is something supremely absurd in the humour of a rat; he will perform you the most ludicrous antics with a dismal gravity of feature and a steady solemnity of deportment that would be creditable in an undertaker at his grimmest. Rats, we think, are not appreciated in this world.

SOME Kentucky women went to the cottage of one Dennis, and hauling him all naked from his bed, did carefully pound him with clubs until his pliability was as that of a boned eel. For Dennis had chastised his wife. Now, therefore, doth Dennis feelingly inquire: "If a man may not punish his own wife, to whom is the poor woman to look for punishment?" Dennis, we give it up. It is a wicked, wicked world.

THE newspapers profess to be disgusted with the conduct of a small girl who merely smashed out her father's eye with a rolling-pin. They seem to overlook the fact that the old man was trying to kiss her. Beatrice Cenci would have gone after him with a meat-axe.

A CONTEMPORARY says a ship is sailing from Holland to the East Indies that was built in 1568. We have for some months been

carefully scanning the newspapers to find a lie. We sorrowfully relinquish the hope. Men have died and decayed since falsehood was in fashion, and the trees have grown up from their graves. We find this Millennium very monotonous, and wish the world were well rid of it. Since the time when little George Washington "could not tell a lie," it appears that nobody can. Such, dear reader, is the effect of a bad example.

FUEL is scarce in Yreka, and raids are made upon the cemetery. It must be very diverting to that rare old *chiffonier*, Mr. Satan, to see these fuel-hunters rummaging a place from which he has already packed off everything that will burn.

THERE is published in Pekin, China, a sort of *Journal Officiel* of the Empire, and it not unfrequently contains intelligence of very general interest. Here is the translation of a charming bit:

"A lady who cut slices from her shoulders for the nourishment of her ailing mother is very admiringly reported upon by Su Fêng-wên, Lieutenant Governor of Kuangsi. Unluckily the patient died, but this was obviously no fault of the daughter. At the Lieutenant Governor's request, the Board of Rites is directed to prepare a report upon the

reward which ought to be given for so much filial piety."

We don't think any reward that could be named would be too great for that maiden. Imagine the poor girl standing before a mirror with a carving-knife, slicing off generous allowances of shoulder, then seasoning them nicely and broiling them for the tooth of the fastidious old lady! With what a relish that ailing old female must have fallen foul of the savoury steaks, as they were dished up juicy and hot from the iron! No doubt while gorging intemperately upon these toothsome viands the ravenous dame suffered her mastication to fall into neglect, and in attempting to bolt a piece too ample for a single neck, she made the girl an orphan.

MRS. HARROW, the wife of a Methodist minister, was lassoed by a party of native Californians, and dragged about until her life is despaired off. This is a direct result of the abolition of bull-fights; the native Californian mind demands some relaxation from the cares and anxieties of highway robbery, and the Irish have used up all the available Chinese.

'I, HIRCH NISON, will shoot myself. A bad wife is worse than death. I pray that my countrymen will not bury me as a murderer. My wife

will pay all expenses." That is what he left behind him. Poor, despairing devil! done to death by a bad wife. And yet—O full and final compensation! a bad wife is good to pay funeral expenses. O ye who think through the hog-hole of divorce to escape the buffetings of matrimony—who in wilful desertion would seek refuge from extreme cruelty—take heart from the example of Hirch Nison, and find comfort in his philosophy!

THE city of Chaes, Peru, has been totally destroyed by an earthquake, and every inhabitant killed. This information was obtained from one of the sufferers, and can be confidently relied on. We publish it for the purpose of setting at rest any exaggerated rumours that may get about as to the extent of the disaster.

THE great progress that has been made in labour-saving machinery is well illustrated by the fact that no less than seventy farmers have been cut in pieces by mowing-machines this season in Illinois alone. It would have taken a long time for the most expert wood-chopper to do this with the old-fashioned axe.

A CONTEMPORARY tersely explains that a cigar stump on the sidewalk caused the death

of a Pittsburg lady. Other Pittsburg ladies will probably take warning, and refrain from eating everything they find lying about.

THE caterpillars are said to be so thick upon some of the Southern railways, that the engines come to a dead halt, and cannot be coaxed forward until the track ahead has been depopulated with vermifuge. The tenderness of the iron horse for his helpless fellow-creatures is a most rare and beautiful quality, and reminds us of a notable attempt at suicide which it was our melancholy privilege to attend as a spectator. As a railway train was moving slowly through a small Western village a young man was seen to rush wildly from a house followed by an impeding young woman, and fling himself across the track. His mate was paralyzed with terror, and stood rooted to the spot, emitting screams of dismay. Suddenly the engine stopped and despite the efforts of the driver, who knew the young man, would not budge an inch. The desperate youth had taken the precaution to oil the metals.

MRS. HOLLAND, of New York, who was carrying on active hostilities with her landlord, was arrested for killing him with a hatchet. It turned out that the man died of apoplexy, very opportunely, and was not hatcheted

at all. Apoplexy, when it is on the handle, very much resembles a hatchet; hence the mistake. The doctors are the jockeys who can tell you the difference between the two.

AT a public entertainment last Tuesday, eight Chinamen had their queues cut from their heads by Christian hands. The perpetrators of this outrage (when caught) ought to be served in a similar manner; but inasmuch as the Christian head is not adorned with a queue, we beg to submit that the Christian body is adorned with a head.

MR. GEORGE J. CAMPBELL has been delivering one of those things known as temperance lectures. George is of the thought that rum is a poisonous and unwholesome beverage. He holds that the immoderate use of intoxicating liquors is an evil. Liquor-sellers, he maintains, are responsible for much of the iniquity that is current. Mr. Campbell believes it to be the duty of all good citizens to abstain from habitual intoxication, and thinks the press ought to recommend that course. These novel and striking opinions mark Mr. Campbell as a very profound and original thinker, and whatever may be thought of the soundness of his views, it must be admitted that he has stated them with a fearlessness that can only be born of con-

viction. If his discourse has not roused the intellectual world into a frenzy, and lashed the dead level of modern thought into a tempest of activity, the impression is all the more deep and lasting. In our humble judgment, Mr. Campbell's is the sharpest, clearest, and most trenchant intellect since Bacon. We cordially invite him to devote his life to the service of mankind.

DURING the past week we have pervaded a country village—have strolled abstractedly at high noon adown the centre of its main street, lulled by the hush of Nature and revelling in the contemplation of somnific phenomena. We have sat in the shadow of the gnarled oaks; have stood for hours and watched the nimble squirrels streaking it across the public squares; have listened dreamily to the piping of the quail, the chatter of the jay, and the trill of the lark. Naturally we love the country village. The country villageis Nature in her kindliest mood. The country village is a whispering silence that sinks into the heart as the sleep from heaven slid into the soul of the ancient mariner. Among the peculiarities of the inhabitants is a most intense antipathy to trees. The average villager looks upon a tree as the natural foe to progress, and before this idea the oaks are gradually disappearing. Another peculiarity is an unwavering determination to introduce manufactures, railroads, and other metropolitan nonsense. In short,

the cherished wish of the villager's heart is to see his town irretrievably ruined.

To be plain, the average country villager is a fool.

YOUR staid and respectable citizen goes upon a gregarious bucolic drunk, and while in a "condition" he follows the bent of his instinct by despoiling a chicken-corral, plundering a milk-ranche, mashing an agriculturist, tearing up a house-wife, or braining a baby with an iron-bound bucket. Relapsing into an abnormal state of sobriety, he stoutly maintains that this cheerful irregularity was some rowdy's handiwork; and he is sore aggrieved that such things should be, and overcome him like a summer cloud without his special connivance. Rowdy has enough to answer for, in all conscience—with his long-tailed gaberdine, his baggy breeches, his red necktie, his cloth cap, and his fatty hair astoundingly puffed out behind and wondrously pasted across his meagre brow. It is not fair to tax him with all the current infernality appertaining to picnics, when even the most respectable urban brain is heated by copious potations of swamp-water and crazed with ham-sandwiches. A moderate amount of mean devilry is inseparable from a picnic, if not absolutely essential to its quiet enjoyment; and when Rowdy is not there to perpetrate it, the job is done without him, and done with a clever completeness of *ensemble*

and an accurate finish of detail which prove well that he does not by any means enjoy a monopoly of artistic brutality. To most of the reported rural villainy he only lends the weight of his name —which is commonly Jakey.

MISS BERTHA TOZER, says an Eastern journal, lives in Maine, is one hundred and seven, and lively. A maid of one hundred and seven! Mother of Eve! what a nice girl for a small and early tea! And this juiceless old cadavre is "lively;" this gnarled and knotted trunk has the audacity to put forth a green leaf; this dusty old highway dares to meander like a gravel walk! Why, confound her, she is legally and morally dead and damned—buried, rotten, taken up by the roots of green weeds, and drunk in herb-tea by old maids of less than half her years! Now we will wager the profit of a year's sinning that that old hag thinks of marrying—that she lies awake nights, and wants to as hard as ever she can. Well, well, well; one hundred and seven years old, and "lively"! Reader, let us go poison. Yes, thank you; some sugar, and just a dash of bitters. "Lively" —Great Scott!

OUR virtuous press professes grief at the discovery of another gigantic fraud upon the public treasury. We know better. A fraud is a

thing your journalist dotes upon. He makes merry with it as a pig tosses a wisp of straw, and dallies with it as an elephant wraps his lithe trunk lovingly about the loins of a sleek puppy. To breathe an atmosphere of gigantic fraud is an editor's heaven on earth. It affords him an opportunity to display his loftiest public virtues, to get rid of the withering sarcasm that is spoiling in stock, to speak of the "influence of the press," to platitudinize, to make a donkey of himself, and provoke a sublime indifference in the object of his attacks. It is very jolly to be an editor under such creditable circumstances, and see men go on year after year robbing the public treasury under the very nose of a united and influential press.

IN the Manual of the Board of Education occurs this passage, against which we shrilly protest :—"Absence during days held sacred by parents shall be counted as absence for sickness." Now, if Monsieur and Madame Swottletot, who came from Ujiji, choose to excuse their son from school upon the day when the basswood god of their countrymen is said to have sprouted a live-oak tail, why should the youth in question be accounted sick? There is something singularly absurd in regarding the youth as an invalid, when perhaps he is perpetrating countless handsprings and throwing innumerable flipflaps in honour of his ligneous deity.

COMMONLY the political journals have been only weakly vituperative, but they have lately taken to lavishing abuse with the most reckless prodigality and a galling directness that is dangerous to the peace of society. We submit that no journal ought to be encouraged in calling a candidate "a purse-proud magnate" simply because he has a weakness for clean linen, and enjoys a downy hat. Such malefactors should be stigmatised as shirt-proud, or hat-proud; and the more galling and opprobrious epithet should be reserved for the fiend who is suspected of revelling in a bank account.

THE annual wrangle about the celebration of Fourth of July has terminated in the appointment of a President of the Day, a Grand Marshal, and other officers. One thing seems to have been neglected, namely, the selection of a competent person to superintend the fireworks—a Pyrotechnician Extraordinary, as it were. We trust we shall not be accused of nepotism if we nominate Mr. Satan to that important office. He is in every way qualified, is a permanent resident of the city, has had some experience in fireworks, and is a most enthusiastic patriot. Besides, he is a gentleman of engaging manners and urbane disposition, a popular politician, and owns property here. As to his honesty, it is above the average.

MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY promises that if women shall be made voters they will accept the responsibility of war and take the field like men. There would be some advantage in this arrangement; there would be no necessity to go to any expense to furnish them with sabres and bayonets, Nature having supplied them with a keener weapon, which they carry between their teeth. But we hope never to see woman go to the wars. We should shrink from encountering a lonely female vedette on a dark night, a mile away from our supports; and the heart flutters with terror at the thought of meeting a lady-scout skirmishing about in the shades of some vast forest, where no human ear could hear the shrieks of her victim! And then to think of being placed at some solitary outpost, with only a pretty dragoon for a companion. We shall not enlist.

A TERRIBLE feud rageth in the Punjaub between the Mohammedans and the Buddhists. It has assumed the proportions of a bitter religious war, and it is probable that a good many thousands of lives will be lost before it is ended. It arose from the circumstance of a Mohammedan casting an old bone into a Buddhist well. At this distance it is impossible to decide which is entitled to the Divine assistance, until it shall appear if there was any meat on the bone. At present we survey the contest with the balanced impartiality of a

meditative hog acting as self-appointed arbiter in a debate between two chickens whom he intends equally to eat.

GRAND MARSHAL of the coming Fourth of July celebration having exceeded our wildest hope by announcing that advertising waggons and vans would not be tolerated in the procession, the pursy butchers sent up a concerted howl, dropped their cleavers, suffered innumerable pups to remain in suspense between their past and future —not wholly dogs and yet not entirely sausages —licked the blood and fat from their honest hands, and hied them away to hold a meeting. It turned out that they were unnecessarily wroth; the General had not intended to exclude these brawny patriots from the line, and if the sun be reasonably warm we shall be regaled with the usual agreeable odour from their stewing blubber. It is cheerful to contemplate a mile or two of burly butchers upon a hot day, with little rills of grease larding the paving-stones behind them. But it makes it awkward for the patriots who follow them.

THAT old lady of one hundred and five summers is still threading her needle without spectacles, all over the country. It is a burning shame, considering the vast number of her descendants, that none of them have soul enough to purchase the old thing a pair of glasses. She

has been threading that needle ever since her counterpart, the hale old gentleman of one hundred and six, started to saw that cord of wood, and that must have been over fifty years ago. It must be extremely injurious to her eyesight, and if she keeps it up long enough she is sure to go blind finally, and won't be able to get the old man's dinner for him when he shall come in and put away his saw. Will not some of the benevolent editors who watch her career with such touching solicitude send the poor girl a pair of green spectacles? If not, they may one day find themselves very hard pressed for a lie.

A MAN went into the Capitol at Washington, last week, and deliberately attempted to sever his throat with a razor. We beg to remind this usurper that the building he attempted to defile is not for the use of private parties; it is only the throat of the country that is commonly cut in that edifice.

IT is customary in our police-courts, when a man is brought up for threatening somebody's life, to release him upon his promise not to carry out his threat. That "fixes" him: he cannot become a murderer without proving himself a liar. How a man of sanguinary nature must chafe under this powerful restraint! But why does he not obtain absolution from his promise by killing the judge who exacted it?

THE Prison Commission continues the good work of educating the convicts in the Penitentiary. One of the most gratifying indications of reform amongst these unfortunates is their extraordinary zeal in learning to write. Every year many of them who entered the prison ignorant thieves leave it accomplished forgers.

AN oyster-shell, weighing eighteen ounces, has been found on the very top of Monte Diablo. To the scientific mind this suggests a profoundly interesting and important geological question: Where did the man who carried it up there obtain so large an oyster?

IN a recent case, the New York Court of Appeals decided that a traveller on a public thoroughfare, in crossing a railway, is justified in supposing that an approaching train will give the usual warning by bell or whistle. Says the Court: "In determining the degree of caution which he will exercise, he has a perfect right to act upon the assumption that the railway company will obey the law." O just and upright judge! He has indeed an inalienable right—a God-given right! Our advice to all is to assert that right; assert it constantly—as often per day as you have time. Go out of your way to assert it! You will certainly

get killed at it, but what is life if it must be maintained by the sacrifice of your right to believe that a railway company will obey the law? Rob us of our abiding faith in railway companies, and you may take all the rest!—all—all—everything but our hope in heaven, and we won't quarrel about that. We don't wish to enjoy our meals when we lose our childlike trust in the absolute goodness of railway companies.

A POPULAR method of practical joking consists in going out with empty pockets on a dark night and getting knocked on the head and "robbed" by some needy garroter. The discomfiture of the operator is a thing to be enjoyed, but it is neither courteous nor equitable to play pranks upon those whose necessities compel them to rob, while our own only constrain us to cheat. There is such a thing as etiquette, even between the rival branches of the same profession.

IT has been decided by competent medical authority that a healthy man, six feet long, ought to weigh exactly one hundred and seventy-eight pounds. It has been decided by competent legal authority that his failure to do so is not a misdemeanour. There will never be any true progress in this world so long as the learned professions will not sustain one another.

M

WHEN a man is raging with disappointment, he is said to beat his breast. We have never seen any person in this condition of mind beating his breast, but it is very natural for a man to assail the cause of his misery, and inflict pain upon the most offensive object within reach.

THE latest discovery by a vigilant press, is that pinching the flesh will produce cancers. If you have a wife or sweetheart, you must no longer n p with playful nail her pearly skin. Bite her.

IT is now stated that electricity will correct the hue of a ruddy nose, tempering it to a delicate pink, or blanching it to the semblance of cream-cheese, according to the strength of the charge. This is probably the reason so many people go about the house with "a brow like a thunder cloud." They are bleaching their snouts.

ONE editor credits another with having discovered a new crime—"assault with a concealed wea pon." If this facetious journalist had ever had the advantage of a controversy with a woman, he would see that the offence is not so novel as it is heinous.

A GENTLEMAN freshly dead was found to have left this note under his pillow: "Before you bury me, make sure I am dead by cutting off one of my toes." We should suppose that a more indubitable evidence might have been obtained by cutting off the gentleman's head.

ONE Buffet provoked some comment by an article in *Lippincott's Magazine*, entitled "Shall we Throw Physic to the Dogs?" We do not see why we should; they will not eat it. Better give it to the poor.

"THE influence of a true woman," says an observant author, "will always be exerted to dissuade a male friend from the snares of the vicious of her sex." Just so; your true "guardian angel" is always trying to rescue the erring male from the toils of some other vicious woman, and get him for herself.

THREE thousand pianos were destroyed by the Chicago fire. If the extermination of pianos were the only damage wrought by conflagrations, people who have to make calls upon young lady friends would, like Homer's shepherds,

"Eye the blue vault and bless the useful light."

A NEWSPAPER philosopher says the three most difficult words to pronounce consecutively are "I was mistaken." The philosopher is himself mistaken; the most difficult are "I deliberately lied." These are not only more difficult than the others, but they are more frequently true.

A WRITER in a recent scientific work predicts an earthquake all along the western coast of this continent about the middle of the forty-second century. We trust some steps may be taken while there is yet time to put an end to the criminal carelessness of our architects, and compel them to put up wooden cornices to protect the vulgar, and match the scientific head.

SOMEBODY says that girls nowadays know too much at fifteen, and too little at fifty. They certainly are unpleasantly clever at fifteen; but at fifty it doesn't make any difference if they know anything or not.

A PROFESSIONAL aëronaut says the voice of a woman can be heard at the height of two miles. This tends to confirm the popular story that heaven is placed at a considerable altitude.

A NOTED Spiritualist is of the opinion that when our gross senses are purged by faith we shall see the air peopled with the winged souls of our departed relatives and friends. The prospect is encouraging; we shall have fine shooting in those days.

WHITE hands never offend, the Spaniards say; meaning thereby that the faults of women should be quickly pardoned. So they should be if one wishes to get done granting pardon in time to ask a little for himself before he dies.

A GREAT man is always willing to be little, says Emerson. But one never knows how famously little he is willing to be until one has had business with him.

BE silent while a fool is speaking.—*Proverb* You can't if you are the fool. Neither would you if you could.

GIRLS daily sell themselves for gold and for bread in your streets, and you do not try to rescue them.—*Anna Dickinson.* Yes we do; we buy them.

STROLLING along the beach, a benevolent old gentleman picked up an oyster that knew less than is necessary for a Senator of the United States "to make a reputation on." The old gentleman cast a sorrowful look upon that witless bivalve, and the tears sprang into his eyes and ran in little rills down his withered cheeks. "Poor bird!" said he, "so comely and fat, and yet so far below thy kind in intellect! Far be it from me to judge thee, lest I be judged." And the benevolent old party laid the erring creature tenderly upon the hard clay, sought out a heavy rock, and mashed him into the similitude of a pigeon's egg after a personal encounter with a steam-hammer.

THE New York *Sun* would like to know who is Our Reporter. Attend, Luminary: When you shall visit California and shall see a sleek gentleman, with a faultless neckcloth and an aching face, standing hatless, with his feet wide apart and his head lowered like a goat declaring his *ultimatum*—that is the editor of the Pacific *Churchman*. When you shall see, facing this one, hatless also, and in similar attitude, a person who looks as if he might have been driven by a violent jaundice upon a neuralgic shore—that is the editor of the Vallejo *Chronicle*. When you shall see a muscular party, with hand twisted rigidly into the back hair of each of these worthies, calmly cracking their

heads together, while his spectacles beam with an expression of ineffable enjoyment—that is "Our Reporter." When you shall see, protruded from some old mining-shaft adjacent, a swart, forbidding-looking head, with sharp crooked horns, and ox-like eyes, watching the operation with the impatient look of one who is waiting to carry away something —that is a friend of the two pretty gentlemen first above mentioned.

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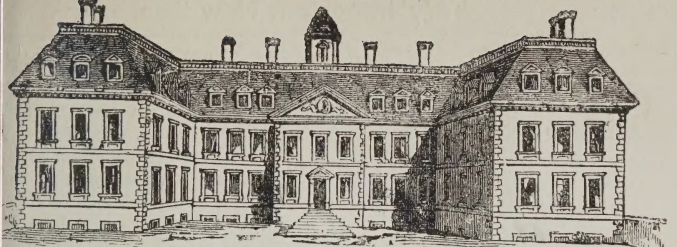

Clarendon House, upon the site and with the materials of which 74 Piccadilly was built.—
See EVELYN *and* PEPYS.

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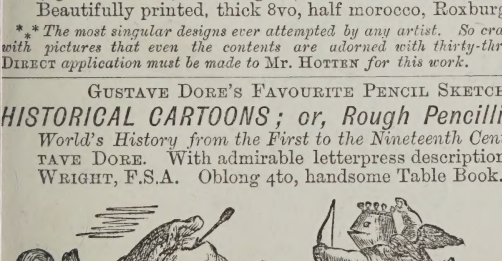

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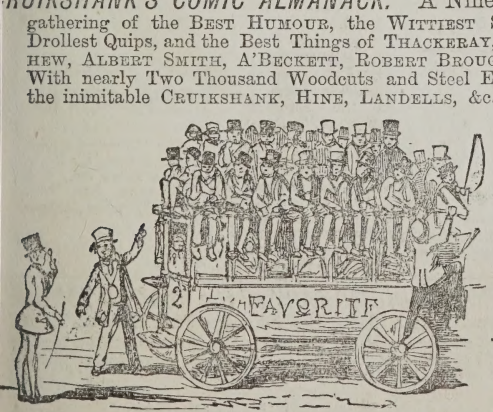

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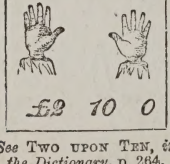

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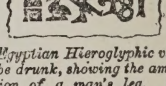

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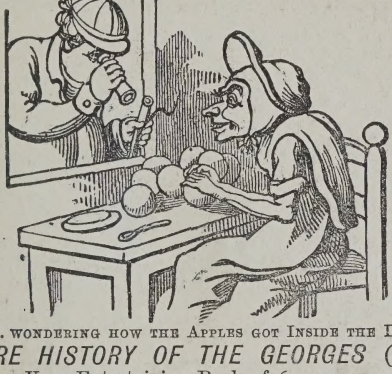

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